

THE LIFE, AUGUST 30th, 1919.
CLAIMING THE CAMBRIDGE WILDS (Illus.).
RASMERIE SPORTS: The Science of "Manhood only" (Illus.). By Constance Holme.

COUNTRY LIFE

OFFICES:
10, TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

VOL. XLVI. No. 1182.

[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR
CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30th, 1919.

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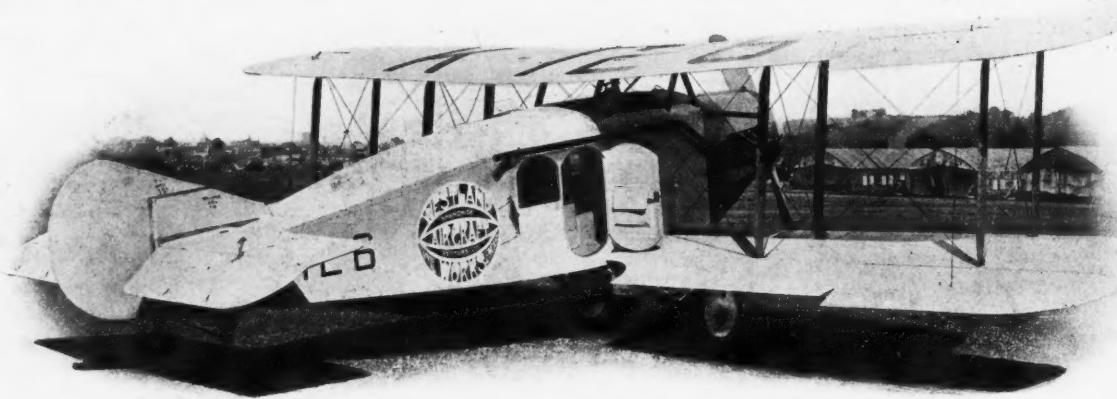
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8-11 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.



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VOL. XLVI.—No. 1182.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30th, 1919.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA.
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MARION NEILSON

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OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON: Tel. No.: GERRARD 2748.
Advertisements: 8-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2; Tel. No.: REGENT 760

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THE RECOVERY OF DERELICT LAND

FEW more inspiring stories have been related in print than that of the great reclamation of derelict land which is told in another part of the paper. The inclination of many people will be to wax indignant over the apathy and shortsightedness of a previous generation which, when a little difficulty arose, allowed the land to go out of tillage rather than face it. Here was no question of poor land. On the contrary, the soil, of its kind, is excellent. One cannot imagine our late enemies, the Germans, at any time neglecting such land. They would, by hook or by crook, have kept it in cultivation. But not in Cambridgeshire only, in many other parts of Great Britain heavy clay was allowed to go out of cultivation in the years of depression which followed 1879. At first the good farmer was discouraged by an attempt to raise his rent, and, naturally, he was followed by those who were less skilful. The era of cheap wheat came in and the cultivator lost heart altogether, and the land was allowed to go back into absolute wilderness. In how many other counties is there land with equal potentialities that is only growing hawthorn and bramble? The Board of Agriculture has done well to promote this reclamation of land that the farmer had lost sight of, and would establish a still further claim on the gratitude of the nation if it would ascertain, or cause to be ascertained, what areas of land in other parts of Great Britain would respond to similar treatment. Anyone who stops for one minute to consider will recognise what a benefit has been conferred on the country by this movement in Cambridgeshire. In all, 2,500 acres are being dealt with by the Executive Council of that county. A thousand acres are bearing crops this year and most of the remainder will come into profit next year.

Now, as regards even the money value, it is worth considering in these times. To take simply what has been

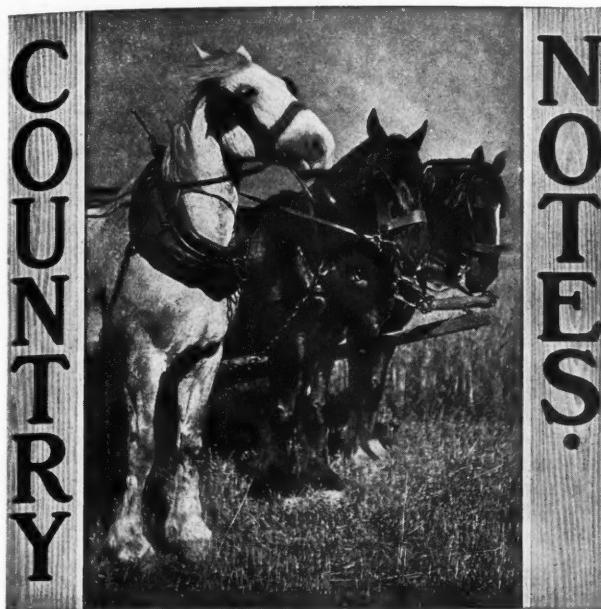
done this year—that is, the cultivation of 1,000 acres—what does this amount to in hard cash? Most of it is in wheat. Suppose, for easiness of calculation, that all of it were, and suppose, further, that the worth of the crop were only the minimum price which so competent an authority as Mr. Edward Strutt thinks should be conceded to the farmer, 6s. a quarter, what would this mean? The average yield promises to be well above four quarters, but take it at that figure; a very simple little bit of arithmetic will show the direct gain in money. A thousand acres carrying crops worth 240s. an acre would mean an addition of £12,000 to the earnings of the nation. This addition is not gained by substituting one form of cultivation for another, as when the farmer was ordered to plough up his grass land and sow corn. His grass land was valuable for feeding stock. This brushwood was valuable for nothing except to give a small amount of inferior sport. It is £12,000 per annum from a single district, and that leads to an enquiry which might very well be undertaken by the Board of Agriculture. It is not only how far a similar state of things exists in other counties, but how short the production throughout the country is of what it might be. What has been done forms an absolute addition to the national wealth. That addition happens also to take the best form. It is an increase in the food supply of the country. Considering the condition of the national finances at the present moment, it would not be unreasonable to demand that every county council in Great Britain should be obliged to state in what measure its agricultural productions could be increased. The total, we are sure, would go into millions instead of thousands, and the growth would be one from which all sections of the community would benefit. To a large extent the work in Cambridgeshire has been done by German prisoners. A great number of them are employed at the present moment. But the time for their departure cannot be long delayed, and the virtue of such a scheme as that which has been put into operation is that it not only continues to employ as many men as before, but by a natural process calls for the service of others. In other words, provision is made in the way of good employment for a very considerable number of men.

We know that labour in the country is not too plentiful for the moment, but it has been increasing for some time past, and the generally felt apprehension is that before long there may be a considerable amount of unemployment. To find profitable good work for men in providing food is, then, another immense benefit added to that of increasing the natural wealth of the country. Moreover, he who performs a job like this well is sure to have followers. One has always felt some anxiety lest those who do not thoroughly understand the methods on which heathland is reclaimed and rush into it prematurely should meet with failure. It is not so much their fate that one bewails as the fact that they have done something which will turn others away from a useful and promising task. It is the success that has been achieved in Cambridgeshire which is most likely to tell in other parts of the island and induce Agricultural Executive Committees elsewhere to enter upon a similar enterprise. But there is no reason why the authorities should confine their attention to cases so flagrant. There is a great amount of land in the country which has not yielded up to its capacity. Why should the community not step in and say to the owner or occupier: "You must do better, or let somebody else try." We put this forward as no revolutionary proposal or in a spirit of interference. In every case it should be established that the owner of land, if he has the power and the inclination, should be encouraged to add to the value of his own property. Only in cases where he is recalcitrant could the community justly step in and say: "It is needful for the welfare of the nation that production should be better than it is on your land. Therefore, if you cannot or will not progress in the right way, we must take steps to enable somebody else to do what you have failed to accomplish."

Our Frontispiece

THE frontispiece of this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE is from a portrait of the younger daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Cobham, the Hon. Rachel Lyttelton, whose engagement to Captain Walter Buchanan Riddell, only son of Sir John and Lady Buchanan Riddell, was recently announced.

* * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



LORD LEE as Minister of Agriculture will, we are sure, be deeply interested in the account of the colossal reclamation in Cambridgeshire which appears in another part of the paper. While in office as Director of Food Production Lord Lee showed that land under the plough could produce far more food than it does as inferior pasture. But his experiments were conducted on the Chiltern Hills, where there is only a shallow depth of soil lying above the chalk. In Cambridgeshire there is a splendid, though heavy soil. It must have been at one time farmed with great energy and success. But, being once allowed to relapse, it went from bad to worse, and its principal product was a huge crop of hawthorn trees so thickly set that neither man nor beast could get through them. That over 2,500 acres have already been taken in hand, and that 1,000 acres are bearing heavy crops this year is a fact that cannot go unnoticed. It will make everybody, Lord Lee included, ask what similar ground is to be found in other counties of Great Britain. We know that county authorities, when asked, almost invariably reply that there is no waste land in their district. Perhaps they did not realise that this was waste, although it was let for the paltry sum of 5s. 6d. an acre, which included the shooting. The lesson ought to be that every County Council should be asked to make a return of the land in its area which is not cultivated up to a satisfactory standard of production. We have only to turn to the back numbers of COUNTRY LIFE to be reminded that now and again the discovery was made that land relapsed to the wild could be brought back. One of the most remarkable instances occurred in Bedfordshire, where Mr. Saunderson, of motor fame, purchased a quantity of land of this kind, and by dint of hard ploughing, restored it to its proper place as an arable area. If he were asked the result we fancy that he would not call himself dissatisfied.

IN this week's number of our contemporary the *Spectator* the tale is told of a farmer who was ordered, in January, 1918, to put under the plough a field of poorish down pasture of six acres. He did not like doing it. The field was situated 600ft. above the sea level and two miles from any village. This is a naïve confession, because, as a matter of fact wheat can be, and is, grown at a much greater altitude. However, he loyally carried out the directions of the agricultural committee. The field was ploughed and the result was that, instead of a yield of an average six tons of poorish hay plus about £4 of pasture for the ponies, "the field produced, on a conservative estimate, a mixed crop of potatoes, buckwheat and oats of the value of about £140." He is not able to say anything about the profit because the produce was passed on to the patients in the local hospital. He drew the moral that, whatever form of agriculture you practise, milk producing or horse breeding, plough land will give you more than pasture. If everybody who has had a similar experience would communicate it to the Press, the movement in favour of reclamation would indeed receive an impetus.

DR. E. C. WORDEN, the great United States explosives expert, has been making a tour of Germany and is very much impressed by the readiness with which the people there

have turned from war to peace. One of their achievements lies in solving the problem of the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen. This has been a dream of science since the discovery that leguminous plants abstracted nitrogen from the air. Many attempts have been made to do it commercially and it would appear that the Germans have succeeded. Dr. Worden says the chemical industry of Germany has been turned with the utmost promptitude to the arts of peace. All the great works are manned fully, and this new industry has been established at Oppau, near Ludwigshafen, on the Rhine. At this factory between 8,000 and 9,000 hands are employed, and when completed it will have a storage capacity of 350,000 tons of ammonium ready to be turned into ammonium salts and a daily capacity of 2,800 tons—an amount sufficient to supply all the farmers in Germany. It is rumoured that the British Government have a scheme equally good, but for some reason there seems to be hesitation in disclosing it, as if the Government feared that private firms would be able to take advantage of a discovery made by their experts during the war. The matter is of such vital importance to agriculture, however, that we hope this objection will be set aside. A means of making nitrogen available on cheap terms to all engaged in the cultivation of the land is of such importance from a national and a food point of view that the mere chance of somebody gaining more than they are entitled to out of it should be no barrier.

MOWING.

O lovely morning debonair and free,
Lifting your spangled veils to laugh at me !
What joy to wake, and open drowsy eyes
Beneath the clear blue silence of such skies . . .
And feel the warm sun kind as a caress . . .
O lovely morning made for happiness.
Why then that loud and tedious sound, alas !
Of patient gardener mowing the sweet grass ?
O Gardener, Gardener, won't you go away ?
And spend in careless ease this perfect day,
Drink golden beer, and smoke your pipe, and smile
And dream of lucky things . . . or sleep awhile ?
Leaving the daisies and the apple tree,
And all the birds, to idleness and me !

And when, at last, grown weary of delight,
I long for bed . . . why you can mow all night !
What gleaming lawns where stately shadows rest,
To mow by moonlight, that were surely best !
Well ! honest Gardener, what have you to say ?
Please tell me you would like a holiday . . .

OLIVE CUSTANCE.

QUBVIOUSLY, if we mean to surmount the financial difficulties facing this nation, it will be necessary not only to produce goods which we can sell for imports, but to take care that the imports are either sheer necessities or raw material. Never was there a time in which patriotism demanded more clearly that each of us should do our best to encourage home industries. This applies very much to the trade in motor cars. A single American firm is arranging to have 4,000 motors delivered in Great Britain in September. This means that money will have to go out of the country to pay for them, and thus our debt to America will be increased and our power to reduce it diminished *pro tanto*. What our manufacturers should do is to concentrate on making those goods which can easily be sold abroad; indeed, Mr. Lloyd George was perfectly right when he said the nations of the world are thirsting for goods. The difficulties in supplying them arise, first and foremost, from the shortage and dearness of coal. Cheap coal is the key to manufacturing activity. In the second place, our production is limited by the increased wages and reduced quantity of work done by our men. They used to say that shorter hours would not really interfere with production, the theory being that more fitness and energy would compensate for the shorter time. It has not turned out so in practice. Every shortening of the hours of labour has, so far, resulted in a marked decrease of production. Therefore it seems rather absurd to plan a still further shortening of the hours of labour, especially as the German workmen have volunteered to work increased hours in order to help their Government to get rid of debt. Much is to be said for increasing the leisure of the working classes, but at a time when the nation must strain every nerve to escape bankruptcy it seems the wrong thing to do.

IT would seem that the open market is likely to be a counter-agent against the increase in prices. Wherever they have been opened the shops have been obliged to bring down their prices. One was started at Chiswick on Saturday, at which vegetables, fruit and fish were offered at a half and even a third of the prices quoted elsewhere, and success appears to be as sure there as at Ilford. As far as garden produce is concerned, no doubt this end could be assured by those who open markets getting into touch with the allotment holders. The latter in nearly every case grow more kitchen stuff than they can make use of, but still not enough to pay for the trouble and expense incidental to sending to one of the large markets. A man who could go round and collect from the allotment holder and then sell in the open market could probably make a very good profit for himself and be of immense service to a community weighed down by high prices. It is, at any rate, a wholesome new form of competition.

A GREAT deal of excusable dissatisfaction is being expressed just now at the way in which the vast takes of fish are being so mismanaged in the ports that the general public gets no advantage from their abundance. It has been shown, for instance, by the Fleetwood Association of Fishing Vessel Owners that a case occurred a few days ago when 250 boxes of fish, each containing 10s., were sold by auction at prices ranging from 1s. to 10s. a box. In other words, the highest price was 1d. a pound, and some of the fish was sold for one-twelfth of a penny. In order to prove that this was not an exceptional case, the trawler owners show that in July one firm landed 290,000st. of fish, and the average price at auction was 3½d. a pound. But the public did not get the benefit. The explanation seems to be that retailers have learned from the war that it is more profitable to sell a few fish at the normal price than a great many cheaply, and hence they send only small orders to the wholesalers. The state of things may be remedied by those who own trawlers opening shops of their own, where the object will be to sell the greatest possible quantity of fish. But, at a time when food is threatening to become very scarce, the occurrence of this kind of thing deserves the serious attention of the Government, as it is not confined to one port, but similar stories are reported from all of them.

CAPABLANCA emerged from the Victory Chess Tournament an easy winner. Out of eleven games he lost none and only drew one, so that his score was ten and a half, the next to him being Kostich. Those who take an interest in chess have long regarded Capablanca as belonging to the order from which masters of the game come. He is not a sensational player who delights in surprises, but one who has the power of reducing the most complicated situation to its simplest factors and then forming a plan which he almost invariably carries to a victorious conclusion. Nothing more beautiful has been seen on the chessboard than the ingenious but exquisitely accurate manner in which he has more than once in this tournament won what appeared to be a drawn game. He now takes his place as the greatest living player. Dr. Lasker may challenge his position, but we rather doubt it.

THE death of H. L. Doherty means the removal from our midst of one of those kings of a pastime who stand out far above their contemporaries. In cricket W. G. Grace was the standing example, at billiards John Roberts. They were each to his own sphere what Mr. Doherty was to lawn tennis. He and his brother at one time divided the honours between them, and it is not for that only that his name will ever be held in remembrance. What won the admiration of people who came from far and near to see him play was the wonderful style of which he was a master. It was this that revolutionised the game. People may say to-day that at his best he could not have held his own in the great tournament which took place earlier in the present summer. But that is a very useless way of speaking. Doherty was before his time in lawn tennis, but if he had pursued the game with competitors who were advanced beyond where he was ten years ago, there is no doubt that he would have led them as he led his own contemporaries. Anybody who does anything has the advantage of starting where the keenest of his predecessors have stopped, and he would, indeed, lack modesty who fancied himself greater than them because he had been able to carry his art, science or pastime just a little further forward.

A MOST important announcement has been made with regard to the Prime Minister and national economy. According to a statement made by Sir Auckland Geddes at

Basingstoke on Monday evening, a strong financial committee has been formed, with Mr. Lloyd George as chairman. "And," says the President of the Board of Trade, "I can tell you the Prime Minister is throwing all his wonderful energy into the work of cutting down expenditure." Not before time. It is evident that drastic measures are being taken. Each department is to report before the re-assembling of Parliament what steps have been taken towards retrenchment, while the Admiralty, the War Office and the Air Ministry will have to present revised estimates when Parliament re-assembles. This means the case as far as the bureaucracy is concerned. Every spending department will have to understand the country's position. In time of affluence it resembles a man with plenty of money in his pocket who could afford this, that and the other convenience and luxury. But the situation is changed and the question is no longer that, but what can be done without. Such is the question which each spending department must answer—what can be done without? Reduction of expenditure would be absolutely necessary even if it were accompanied with a marked increased production. But, unfortunately, this increase is very slow to assume actuality, and therefore there is all the more necessity for restricting outlay in every possible direction.

SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES gave some interesting particulars of the measures that are being taken to promote a revival of Continental trade in this country. One, at least, is a novelty. The Government are setting up an organisation to establish a system of export credits for facilitating the resumption of export trade to disorganised parts of Eastern Europe. Another point is that every nerve is being strained to give them such coal as we can spare to promote trade where there is now stagnation. If Sir Auckland Geddes could stimulate increased production in the mines, he would have touched the very heart of the disease. As he says, every country in Europe needs coal, and if they do not get it the recovery of Europe will be impossible. Our trade, of course, cannot be re-established unless prosperity is brought back to Europe, and hence it is no exaggeration to call the outlook black and gloomy unless this coal difficulty can be got over. Sir Auckland's disquisition on the part that America is going to play is by no means comforting. America is selling great quantities of goods to all the countries of Europe and expects to be paid in money. But in that case the money exchange will prove more and more in her favour, and the export situation will go more and more steadily against her. American food will become more costly and her manufactured goods unbuyable. All this prepares for his sound conclusion that Europe must find a way to her own salvation. She must trust only in more production from mines, fields and factories. In decrease of output lies disaster.

THE GIPSY.

The gipsy face of the sunset laughs
Wide in the sunset sky;
With a smile of devilment gay she quaffs
The bright sun's ruby dye;
Then she tosses herself to a careless rest,
Cradled in cloud, as birds in a nest.

Her hair is heap'd on her pillow high,
And drap'd on her dusky cheek;
She scarce seems breathing; the kindly sky
Forbids the least breeze to speak;
And the gipsy sunset drowses, dreams,
Drunk with the wine of the red sun's beams.

BETTY COLQUHOUN.

A USEFUL little article on marketing apples will be found in our pages to-day. It will be read with different appreciation by different people. Take, for example, the large farmer who cultivates 700 acres or 800 acres of land, and has an orchard, say, extending to something between 10 acres and 40 acres. In all probability the fruit is medium, and such a man would find it most advantageous in the end to sell the crop on the tree and let the purchaser do the picking. It is customary to pay cash on the spot and this ends the business as far as the owner is concerned. But the cultivator of very fine dessert apples is in a different position, and he will find it advantageous to have his fruit packed most carefully and despatched to the most suitable market. The only drawback is that, according to the present arrangements, the controlled price of the finest Cox's Orange is no more than that of cooking apples—an arrangement that seems specially invented to encourage the production of inferior apples.

THE LURE AND WONDER OF NEW GUINEA

II.—THE SOUL IN SAVAGE WARFARE.

BY E. W. PEARSON CHINNERY.

THE primitive people of Papua (British New Guinea) share with many of the civilised races of the world a profound belief in the efficacy of prayer in war time. Deities are invoked in many different ways to stimulate war-parties and lead them to victory. Since 1909 I have been an administrative officer in Papua, and, during many years' exploration in the unknown interior of both the late German territory and Papua, it has been my privilege to place on the map of the Empire many thousands of people who, until my expedition entered their hill-locked valleys, believed that the margin of their mountain ranges was the edge of the world, beyond which lived the ghosts. Such people usually fled in terror at our approach, crying: "Go back to the place Beyond—you have taken the wrong trail." Word of our intrusion would be shouted from valley to valley: "Fly to the caves, for the Ghosts have come." But when they found we were but flesh and blood they would fight like tigers to hinder our advance, and it was during these conflicts that their interesting ritual came to my notice.

In the Northern Division of Papua the fundamental principle underlying religious phenomena is the belief in a soul which dictates the actions of an individual during life, and at death becomes a ghost. During life an essence of the soul permeates the body and attaches its influence to anything with which a man comes in contact. The natives speak of this influence as "the 'strength' of the 'thing within,'" and, since it is the desire of every man to possess as much "soul strength" as possible, persons of little or no importance in a tribe bask as much as they can in the presence of one who has attained greatness, in the hope of absorbing some of his "strength." When a mountain chief dies his corpse is placed on a high platform in the sun, and, as the body goes through the process of decomposition, the people acquire its soul strength by rubbing into their own bodies the fat that falls on them as they stand under the platform. Since soul substance attaches itself to anything that is touched, people carefully dispose of things that have been handled. Small vessels are often carried in a netted bag to hold waste food



BLOWING WOODEN TRUMPET. THE MOST DREADED SORCERER
War call a long and several short notes. Northern division of New Guinea.

and expectoration, and it is not an uncommon thing for men to carry the scraps left after a feast for miles in order to throw them into a swift running stream which will carry them beyond the reach of evilly disposed sorcerers. For sorcerers, by operating on objects containing soul substance, often cause the death of the persons who have handled them.

Animals, and plants too, have "soul strength" according to the place they have won in the struggle for life. The mighty jungle trees which have successfully fought their way through the mass of parasitic forest growth that strangles other plants are believed to be possessed of much soul substance, so the native, ever ready to add to his own strength, makes a stew of the bark of jungle monsters and inhales their stimulating properties. Similarly the power of animals is transferred to weapons by making such weapons with tools fashioned from the fighting parts of ferocious animals—e.g., the spear-point is scraped with the tusk of a wild boar and an arrow is tipped with the penetrating toe of a cassowary. In this way soul substance enters every department of native life, and things take their place in value according to the manner in which they gratify the needs of the people.

Since the quality of a man's soul is judged by his conduct, his ghost becomes great or insignificant according to the power exerted by the soul during life. Powerful ghosts control the forces of nature, so, in order to keep them in good humour, the people place offerings of food on a small wooden platform, or shrine, which is erected outside each house. Bad weather and poor crops, with general occurrences detrimental to native interests, are said to be manifestations of displeasure on the part of the ghosts. At such times, and in the periods of war, religious effort is marked with greater intensity; pig flesh, fish, game, palatable insects and reptiles appear on the shrines with the food offerings of normal times until the needs, which produce this activity, are gratified. The essence of the offering is extracted by the ghosts during the night.

When war is contemplated a series of religious dances is held to invoke the blessing of the deities. Among mountain tribes such dances are performed at night. Skulls of tutelary deities are taken from their resting-places in the houses, decorated with headdresses, painted, and ornamented as in life. With the skulls held high above their heads, the fighting men of the tribe whirl through the fierce movements of the war-dance. Women dash among them with blazing



NATIVES: MAN WEARING NETTED BAG CONTAINING VESSEL FOR SALIVA.



NATIVE BIRDCAGE FOR HORNBILL.

when on top of this the mountain men and their shrill-voiced mates suddenly fill the night with their wild mountain music, even the very stones and crevices in the valleys ring with the wonder of it all as echo answers echo.

There is a pause. A fighting chief climbs to a pinnacle of rock which overlooks the spacious depths of the gorges below where roam the unquiet spirits of warrior ancestors. His voice calls to the night: "Gagovi! Gagovi!" and an echo comes from the valley: "Gagovi? Gagovi?" To which hundreds of deep-throated voices shout in reply A—a"; the questioning echo "A—a?" is cut short by a fiercely drawn out "O—o," which brings an understanding response from the Voice of the Valley: "O—o!" and the Chief, quivering with emotion, pleads "Gagovi! Oh Gagovi! Your children—Look to us!" And the night rings once more with the wild songs of praise, until all the deities of history have been honoured.

As well as seeking the blessing of their own deities the people of the lowlands, during ceremonies that precede war, invoke the aid of the souls of their enemies. A black thread is attached to the head of a weapon and the soul of the man whose death is desired is besought to seize it and guide the weapon to a vital spot. Such souls are also invoked to keep the enemy in ignorance of impending peril, so that he will be unprepared.

S killed weapon-makers, meantime, have been preparing

torches. The deep reverberating note of the wooden mountain trumpet, the rapid "t a p ! tap!" of the war drum, the thunderous tramp of feet, the countless naked bodies writhing and posturing with their gaily relics in the eerie light of the torches in themselves produce a scene unreal and awe-inspiring;

the armament. New spears have been made from the black palm, tested, and smeared with magical sap and herbs. To enhance the rapidity of their flight the feathers of fast-flying, predatory birds are attached to them; to add to their power of penetration the points are scraped with the tusk of a wild boar and smeared with its fat, while

just below the point is fastened the tail of a "cus-cus" (a species of phalanger which has a very tenacious grip).

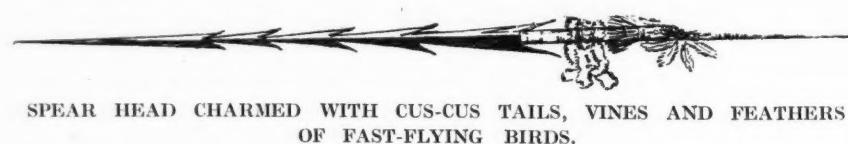
The organising chief then visits other villages and enlists allies. Presents of dogs and pigs are exchanged by the tribes which form the combination and eaten in the village of the principal chief during a ceremony which is marked by the complete absence of ordinary social restrictions.

Moments that are not propitious for the expedition are known by certain omens—unusual agitation on the part of the tribal hornbill, which lives in a small cage in the village; the notes of the shrike, clouds over the stars, or shooting stars. These are regarded as warnings from the ghosts. But when the proper moment comes the party steal silently into the jungle, decorated and painted, armed to the teeth, fortified with objects containing the soul strength of wild animals, and stimulated with the blessing of their deities. Small boys with drums and trumpets accompany them to sound the notes of success when the fight is won. Scouts precede the warriors, and their information enables the chiefs to surround the village wherein the victims sleep, blissfully ignorant of the fate that awaits them.

The attackers squat in silence round the sleeping village until there is enough light for them to accomplish their ghastly purpose. Patiently they wait. The first morning bird lifts its voice to the dawn. Dread figures rise from the earth. Silently and swiftly they enter the houses of Peace and Sleep—and then!



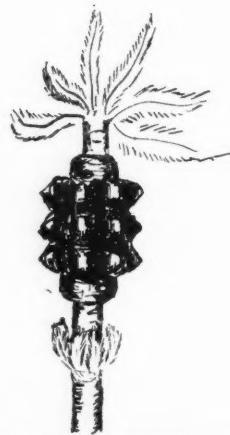
WOMAN COOKING FOOD IN CLAY POT.



SPEAR HEAD CHARMED WITH CUS-CUS TAILS, VINES AND FEATHERS OF FAST-FLYING BIRDS.



WAR DRUM, FOUR FEET LONG. NORTHERN DIVISION OF PAPUA.



STONE CLUBS, DECORATED WITH FEATHERS AND CUS-CUS TAILS.

RECLAIMING THE CAMBRIDGE WILDS



Photograph by Professor Lijen.

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RIVETT'S WHEAT SPLENDIDLY GROWN ON PART OF THE 2,500 ACRES BROUGHT BACK INTO CULTIVATION.

FEW people will believe that in so great an agricultural county as Cambridge, and within fifty miles of London, good land by thousands of acres should have been allowed to relapse into bush and wilderness. Yet so it is, for mine eyes have beheld it. These acres are being subjected to the most important reclamation I have heard of in Great Britain, and a few days ago I had the privilege of going over them with Mr. Falgate, the Executive Officer of the Agricultural Committee of Cambridgeshire, who is directing the operations, and Professor Biffen, who first drew my attention to the importance of the reclamation. I am, therefore, for a week, interrupting the account of the Belgian farms in order to draw attention to this one at home. It is not creditable to anybody that the land should ever have been allowed to revert to waste; but instead of blaming the people of the last century let us give praise where it is due, namely, to the Board of Agriculture, which has authorised and financed the scheme, and the Agricultural Executive Committee, which has, with energy and skill, carried it out. It will be simplest and most convenient to take the farms in the order in which they were visited. The whole of the district must have been well cultivated and borne heavy crops at one time. Indeed, though the soil is boulder clay and three-horse land, there is evidence to show that in the olden times there must have been deep ploughing and great crops. Sections made in the ground show this. There is a depth of dark mould between 2ft. and 3ft., and where the land had been recently ploughed it was black and a fine tilth.

The first place visited differed from most of those to follow in being an old golf course. It was Coton, belonging to a town golf club which broke up before the war. In any case, it would have become practically waste land, because golf was played down the centre and shrubby vegetation allowed to grow as it pleased elsewhere. The Executive Council took it over in 1917, in which year the bush was removed, drains made, and the land fallowed and sown with Rivett's wheat. It yielded a poor crop of about four and a half sacks to the acre. Rivett's wheat was again sown in 1918 and has done splendidly. It was ready for cutting at our visit, and Professor Biffen's estimate of a five quarter crop was obviously a conservative one. It was fine to see such a great crop on 85 acres that had been for many a year profitless.

From the old golf course we went on to Croydon Wilds Farm, a holding of 510 acres. It was taken over at Michaelmas, 1918, in a thoroughly derelict condition, and was seen at a very interesting stage of development. About 137 acres was cropped, comprising wheat, oats and beans and clover, but the crops were not heavy, owing to the bad state of the land. It is intended next year to fallow this area, which requires draining, etc. Two hundred and thirty-six acres has this year been cleared, broken and prepared for sowing in October. Nearly the whole of this farm was derelict, and there are about 500 acres adjoining and belonging to different owners, all of which could be brought into cultivation. The condition of the only road in itself suggested reasons for farmers avoiding the land. One has often seen similar disused roads in other parts of the country, and though this had been cleared of bushes and the hedges cut, it was easy to see what it had been. The hedges had become overgrown, and the trees on opposite sides interlaced their branches, while what had been the road was an impenetrable thicket of hawthorn and bramble. Even after the cutting had been done the road must have been an impossible lane in wet weather. It was raining on the day of our visit, and that helped to drive home the moral. One of the most imperative needs is that this road should be re-made and put in a condition to bear winter traffic. The preparations for doing this are well advanced. Along the side of it are little mountains where rubble is being made. The method for it is the ancient one of making a huge fire of wood and adding coal dust and clay. The heap goes on smouldering and being added to until it becomes of great size. The next stage is to put the rubble on the road; but where the hollows are deep the system of putting down brushwood is adopted, the roots and branches of the bushes being utilised for the purpose. It is probably the cheapest and best way of making a hard road. If the rubble were of hard lumps it would remain dry for ever, but the burnt clay is easily pulverised by frost and weather. Then it becomes compacted into a hard mass. Where the road was dug or scraped it was seen that the same method must have been employed years before, since the road rubble still remains. So long as the road remained a muddy lane traffic must have been impassable in winter time. At the end of it there is what once must have been a charming little house, a moated grange in very truth, for the moat still runs round it. On one side the old mansion is still intact,

and on all sides the number of windows filled in to evade the window tax shows that it must have been well lighted. It is inhabited now by labourers, but originally must have been the dwelling of a well-off yeoman or squire. We moderns wonder how a family could have existed in winter-time when surrounded by an impassable sea of mud. But probably if we had lived in those merry old times we should have found the reality less dismal than the imagination of it.

Going on, the next place we came to was Rectory Farm, Gransden. The extent of the farm is 400 acres, and on it were growing 136 acres of Rivett's wheat—an excellent crop sure to produce well over eight sacks per acre; 30 acres spring oats—also a very good crop, estimated at from ten to twelve sacks per acre; 60 acres fallowed, to be sown with wheat in October; 120 acres are cleaned of bushes and ready for draining and breaking; 50 acres are brushed and now being cleaned. This land was fearfully overgrown with hawthorn bushes. We saw specimens of them. They were simply impenetrable, and the bushes in many cases had attained the magnitude of young trees. For years it has been let at 5s. 6d. per acre, including the shooting, which seems to have been the principal attraction to the lessees. It used to be expected that 1,100 rabbits would be shot on



A WILDERNESS OF HAWTHORN BUSHES.



THERE WILL BE 200 TONS OF FIREWOOD FOR DISPOSAL IN WINTER.

the first day and 500 to 600 occasionally during the winter. The only attempt at interfering with the brushwood seems to have been that of making cuttings or drives through the wood in order to facilitate the shooting. It was not a very good day for photography, and we do not know if the pictures taken will come out sufficiently well for reproduction. If they do, those of the huge heaps of hawthorn and of the great stack of firewood would show the reader what had been growing. They would enable him to understand, also, what a fearfully laborious business it must have been to remove these tough young trees. It had in the end to be done by hand. Attempts were made to pull them up with the aid of two tractors, but they proved to be too much for the engines, and the result was to make the wheels sink into the ground. Ultimately the plan adopted was to cut down each bush till there was only a stump of 2ft. or 3ft. left, and then dig round till it could be pulled out. The formidable nature of the task will be recognised when it is remembered that thousands of acres were as bad as the worst wilderness of hawthorn bushes. Mr. Falgate has found one valuable use for the brushwood. It is to make a huge cattle shed. The walls are built with the stouter part of the cuttings and the brushwood employed for thatching. This will serve a temporary purpose, even though the walls are not

exactly calculated to keep out the wind. But the dearth of buildings is very great and the expense of putting them up formidable. There must have been at one time a good farmhouse here. Its foundations have been laid bare, and also the elaborately built cellars, which, however, all fill with water when the level of the adjoining pond rises. The bricks used for this purpose are now being extracted in order to help the road-making. But at no far distant date there must have been there a splendid house with the necessary outbuildings, a garden and orchard. Some of the ancient, overgrown apple trees remain, but the labourers' cottages have disappeared. But the remains were all underground, so that they only help us to understand how quickly the little grains of sand and little drops of water remove man's handiwork when he deserts it.

Caxton Common Farm is one of 260 acres, taken over in February, 1918, in derelict condition. On it are 163 acres of Rivett's wheat—a good crop, averaging at least four quarters, of which 103 acres is on derelict land; 21 acres of spring oats, of which 16 acres are derelict land; 13 acres of Little Joss wheat and 5 acres of mangolds; while 36 acres are fallow and ready for sowing.

In addition to the places which have been mentioned and which I personally visited, there are a number of other farms being dealt with by the Agricultural Committee. There is a fen farm of 240 acres, of which 13 acres are potatoes; 41 acres buckwheat; 40 acres coleseed for seed; 20 acres barley; 3 acres rye; 19 acres oats; 5 acres mangolds; 45 acres hay; and 25 acres of grass for grazing. Limes Farm, 160 acres of poor grass taken over by the Committee in May, 1917, used as a horse dépôt—125 acres broken; 74 acres are sown with Rivett's wheat; 4 acres with mangolds; 12 acres of winter oats and 32 with spring oats. There is Graveley Glebe, about 270 acres, which are all cleared and ready for breaking. Pincote Farm, where 158 acres of rough brush land have been cleared, and a



Photographs by Professor Biggs.

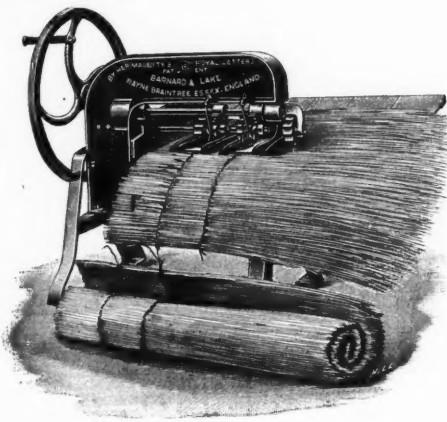
HEAPS OF THORN FROM THE CLEARING.

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considerable number of other pieces of land in different parts of the county.

We have spoken of the difficulty of removing the brushwood, but the cultivation is hard in several other respects. For one thing, there is the question of draining. Waterlogged land will not yield crops to the best of skill, and therefore means had to be taken to get the water away. Tile draining is no doubt the best, but unfortunately no tiles could be had, and so recourse to other means had to be tried. One which has proved effective so far is that of making bush draining in the mains. Bush draining, if well done, will remain good for at least eight years, and mole draining was adopted as an auxiliary to it. Then there are the great ditches which at one time ran along the sides of the roads and the hedges. Some had been absolutely filled up by the accumulated debris of two or three generations. The best of them were considerably choked with fallen earth, etc. They had to be cleared out with the spade, and, on the whole, the system of surface draining, bush draining and mole draining combined has acted very well, so that from the fields

brought under the plough the water has been carried with a rush, in many cases to the surprise of the village inhabitants, who were astonished at seeing the quantity of water pouring out from the fields. A considerable amount of draining, however, remains yet to be done. Ploughing, again, was a problem. Tractor ploughs were not found of much use, as the land was too heavy for them; and horses, of course, though they must have proved sufficient



THE THATCHING MACHINE.



THATCHING A CORN STACK WITH STRIPS MADE BY THE MACHINE.

for ordinary cultivation in the old days, were not fit to break this obstinate soil. The only effective machine for the purpose proved to be the steam plough, with its two engines and cable and the familiar gear and fittings. After the steam plough has been employed there remains in the soil a huge quantity of roots, branches and so on. When these were, as it were, anchored to the ground, they had to be cut by hand. When not, a strong, heavy cultivator, worked by a steam engine, brought them to the surface, where they were gathered and, like everything on the estate, put to some purpose. The tough old roots are used for the deep hollows of the road, and the rest of the stuff can be utilised for the immense fires necessary to burn the clay and prepare rubble for surface dressing to roads.

An implement which is very much thought of is the thatching machine. It is very difficult in these days to find thatchers, and at any rate the use of a machine has very distinct advantages. It is a very simple contrivance, worked on the principle of the ordinary sewing machine. Two

strands of string are worked in a sewing machine stitch through the wheat straw, which is passed under a roller. The result is to make long strips of thatch. These can be made at any odd moment—for example, when other work is impossible owing to rain—and may then be stored away for use when required, whereas the thatcher is not always available at a certain moment, and the rain may arrive while he delays. This thatching machine is an old invention, but it has only come into more general use and notice since the exigencies of war-time agriculture began to make the farmer think about utilising all his own resources.

The Cambridge County Council and particularly the Agricultural Executive Committee have earned the gratitude of the nation for the work they have done. Especial praise is due to Sir Douglas Newton, Chairman of the County Council and a most energetic member of the Agricultural Executive; to Mr. S. Owen Webb, J.P., Chairman of the Executive Committee, who has taken the liveliest interest in these proceedings; to Mr. J. Green, who, as Chairman of the Caxton Sub-Committee, has proved himself a most energetic member of the Executive; and to Mr. W. R. Falgate, the practical and hard-working Executive Officer. These have all special claims to the gratitude of their country.

P. A. G.

ST. JOHN HOPE

BY LAWRENCE WEAVER.

WHEN St. John Hope's distinguished services to archaeology were recognised by His Majesty, and he became Sir William, his friends rejoiced at the fitness of things, but to them he remained St. John Hope. For it was so we knew him during his twenty-five years of unwearied and successful work as Assistant Secretary of the Antiquaries, when he was the ever-ready friend and helper of all who were on a real quest, if sometimes his way with the pretentious or futile was somewhat ungenteel. The well informed notice in the *Times* of the 22nd instant gave some idea of his enormous output, but left something to be said in analysing St. John Hope's place in English archaeology. It was large and will endure. He was *imprimis* the English antiquary pure and simple. I believe he scarcely travelled at all until after his chief life's work at the Antiquaries closed nine years ago, and I well remember his naive schoolboy pleasure when he discovered Roman Avignon not long before the war.

The story of remote civilisations left him cold. We had a fellow feeling about flint implements *et hoc genus omne*, and I think he cared almost as little about Monasterian things as I did, though wisdom about them had dripped on him during countless long Thursday evenings at Burlington House.

But when it came to Roman England, her remains were like an open book, read with a certainty that seemed uncanny to the amateur. His profound experience, backed by an unbaffled memory and, above all, by an imaginative instinct for what would be found if you dug there and there, made him the prince of English archaeologists of the spade. This tribute takes no honour from any of his co-workers, as persistent and devoted as he, but none possessing quite the flair or quite the knowledge and certainly not the unequalled skill and accuracy in committing his finds to paper both on plan and written record.

This made St. John Hope the model archaeologist for the architect. For the objects turned up by his spade—the pot, the coin, the jewel—he had a pious respect, but for a maze of battered foundations, which to many of us, and not all fools at the business, was no more than a meaningless mass of stone, he had a passion which moved his shrewd and disentangling eye to establish clarity and sequence.

But, perhaps above all, he was the antiquary of mediæval building. His monographs on abbeys and priories, buried unhappily in dozens of the *Proceedings* of local societies, have done far more than any reprinted Observances to make life in the mediæval cloister vivid and clear to the modern eye. None will deny to him the leadership in English ecclesiology, and his monograph on Windsor Castle, the greatest book on a single building in any language, proved him the acknowledged master as well of lay mediæval work.

So it is that the lovers of antiquity are very sad, and the more sad because St. John Hope leaves no obvious successor to carry on his own line of work with the same patience and inspired mastery. And we who loved the man are sadder still, for we have lost the companionship of a great Christian gentleman. It is characteristic of the man that his last work, a noble monograph on Cowdray House, received his finishing touches just before he died, and will soon be published by COUNTRY LIFE. My last visit, a few months ago, to his pleasant home near Cambridge, was to discuss some details of the Cowdray book, and we gossiped of his plans for future leisure. His friends knew his hold on life was precarious, but prayed that his tough constitution and courage would leave him many years of happy retirement. *Diis alter visum.* A host of admiring friends, and many who never saw him were his friends, will say with me—*Ave atque vale.*

GRASMERE SPORTS

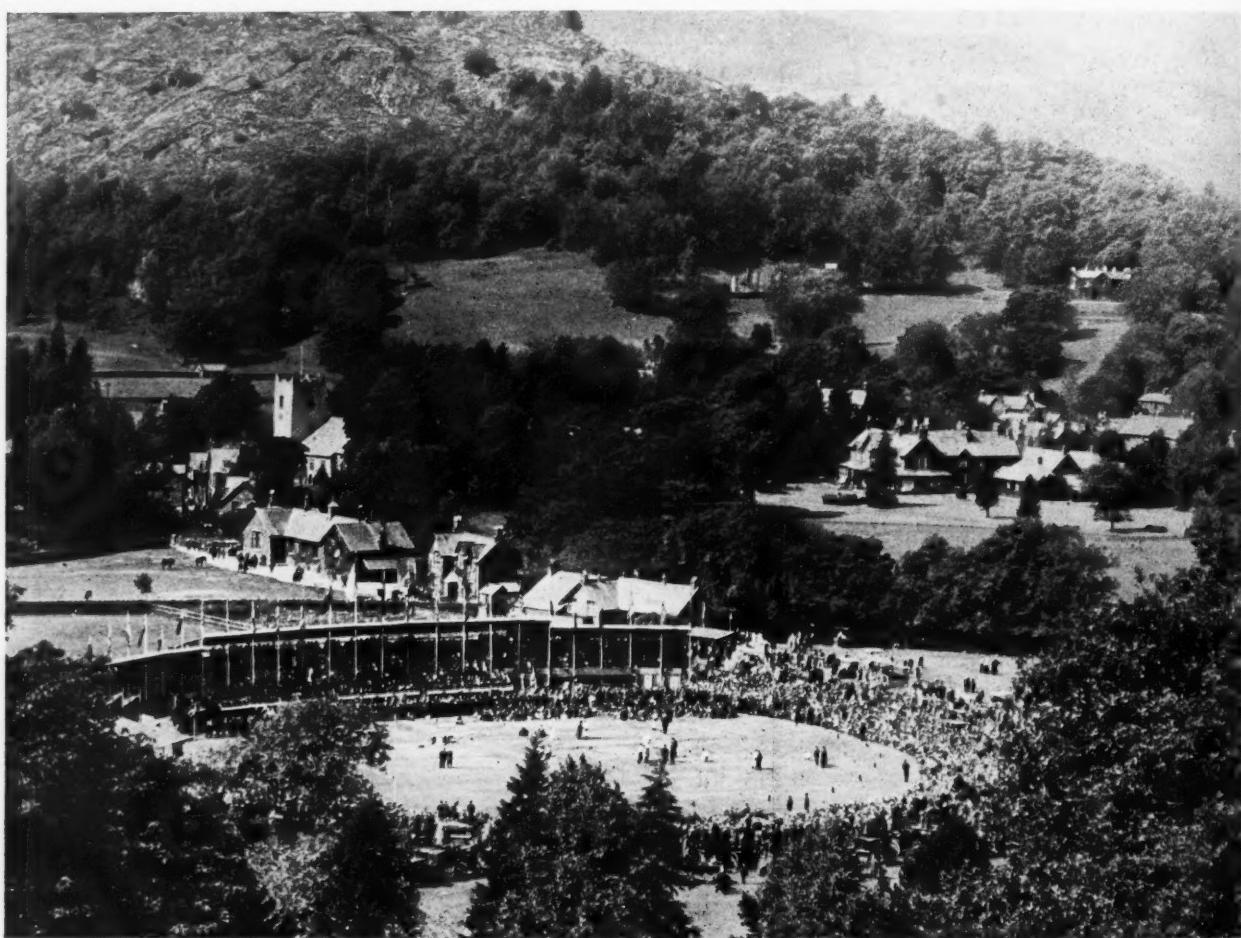
THE SCIENCE OF "MANHOOD ONLY."

BY CONSTANCE HOLME.

IT has been said that walking through the Lake District is like walking through Westminster Abbey; it is so full of famous names. The Lake Country, indeed, is a series of separately worshipped shrines, but Grasmere at least holds an undisputed place. From its famous lake and fells to the famous dust in its churchyard it sets us aflame with its beauty and romance. To the men of all time who have eyes to see it will always mean these; to us of to-day it stands also for the rush-bearing, the plays, and the great North-country gathering known as Grasmere Sports.

It is a curious impulse that moves the centre of some interest from place to place, that suddenly steals prestige from this and gives it to that. It is not enough that there

of a helm wind they were swept away, both those who had striven and those who had looked on. In the huge rings of enormous battlefields they were wrestlers all, and in the five rounds of the wrestle of war still managed to keep their hold. This year, however, has seen the renewal of the sports, with hundreds of entries in the lists and thousands of onlookers at the gate. There are plenty, of course, to mourn the purer social glory of the past, but it is early enough yet to say whether even that is gone for good. It may not be the old world, indeed, that draws together round the green, because to the world as it was we have finally said farewell. Science, too, has apparently rather gone by the board, though that will be mended when the wrestling schools revive.



FROM THE FELL.

should be a great name behind the shift, or even a number of great names. These have their natural influence upon the trend, but the actual motive power lies further back. There is a tide in the affairs of places as of men, and, until that turns, no plotting can bring the miracle to pass.

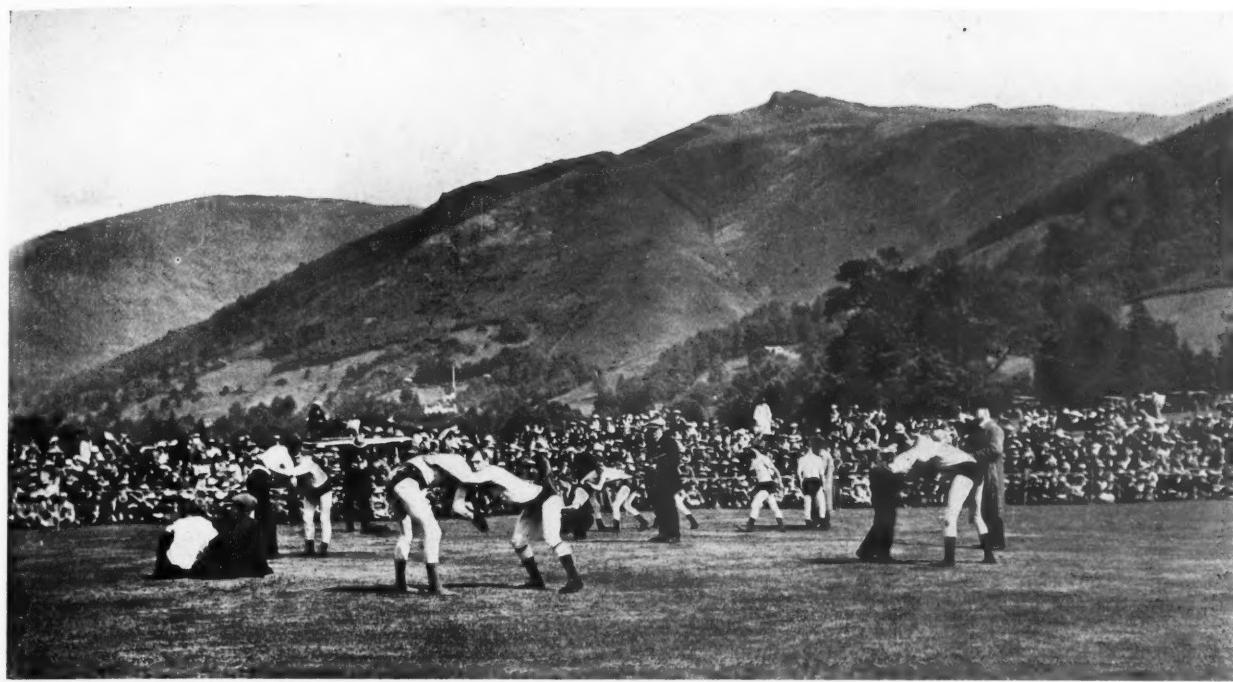
This particular tide first came to Grasmere about 1872, changing a casual wrestling meeting into a social function of fine flower. Gradually, from that time onward, the eye of the county turned steadily towards it as the event of the year. Suddenly it was there—that mystery of prestige which no repetition could weaken and no capricious succession of wet Augusts could stale. Year after year there were the same coaches on the further side of the rope, the same daintily dressed women, the same well known county names. Year after year, on the inner side of the rope, were the same wrestlers, leapers and guides; these, too, with names that were household possessions, personal adjuncts, real sources of personal pride.

The fame of the gathering strengthened for forty years, and then to it, as to everything else, there came the war. Presently they were scattered to the ends of the earth, the men on the coaches and the men in the ring. As by the blast

But at least there is no break in the honest admiration that a man is able to feel for his fellow-man. There is no break in the keen relish that brings the old wrestler to his former stand. As a sporting event of the best type the meeting will certainly go on. The real spirit of Grasmere is within the ring, not without.

It is not only wrestling, of course, that Grasmere offers as spectacle to the crowd. The Guides' Race and the Hound Trail each has its own appeal, as well as some of the best pole-jumping that can be seen in the world. But it is always the wrestling that plants and keeps the North-country sportsman in his place. It is only the wrestlers that can draw him against all rules to sit about their feet, with the instinct that he inherits from Elizabeth's time for being actually on the stage. At the most he pays a polite deference to the other events, and waits for them to end. Always he turns back again to the wrestling as the real business of the day. The thing is in his blood and in his heart, even though he may never in all his life have felt the shock of a clean fall.

It looks as if there could be no end to this ancient practice which had vogue in Greece, and which is as akin to the Greek model as the husbandry of the Georgics is akin to



THE HEAVY-WEIGHT WRESTLING.

the husbandry of to-day. There can be no end to it, chiefly because the true wrestler never retires. A steady competitor for more than half his life, for the rest he is umpire, trainer, and always pitiless judge. Even the cataclysm of a world-war has not been able to snap the links, as the record entries of this year have shown. It is no wonder that the men have come back so easily from the red field to the green. It is

the fact that the wrestler has nothing to help him except himself. He has neither weapon nor horse to show of what spirit he is, of what endurance or skill or grace. "The Science of Manhood Only" is Litt's title for our county sport—the finest of fine names for this eternally fine game.

It is true that his sense of proportion seems a little uneven to us to-day, emphasising as it does the point of time to which he belongs. We are taken aback, for instance, to find him censuring hunting and honouring cock-fighting in a breath, and certainly he is inclined to allow his passion for wrestling to cover the earth. He carries it, indeed, into the very precincts of Heaven, claiming Jacob's all-night effort as the first known bout, and the angel himself as a devotee of the ring. He is not afraid, either, to hold up the famous fight between Ajax and Achilles to scorn, cheerfully flinging the charge of "barneying" in the former's teeth and laughing the whole Homeric contest out of court. Neither will he pass the descriptions of Shakespeare or Scott, though he somewhat grudgingly commends James Hogg. His only praise is for Cook's account of native wrestling in Tongataboo, which in spirit, if not in practice, seems to have had some affinity with our own.

The rings of the twin counties move from place to place, but wherever they go the wrestlers follow the ring. And not only the living follow it, but the long line of the great dead. Wherever you sling a length of rope on a few stakes, there the ghosts of the old wrestlers flock like homing birds. Among the thousands of new faces ringing the smooth green there is still room for the thousands who have handed the game on. Somewhere there will be Adam Dodd and the Curate of Egremont, both a hundred years dead; and stars like the great Will "Ritson," Thomas Longmire, Steadman and Strong. Somewhere the immortal Jackson of Kinneyside will watch for his favourite chip of the swinging hipe, and stout little Jimmy Fawcett pine for some seventeen stone to sod. Back in the mists will be the Cork Lad who wrestled his home out of a king, and, further back, who knows what Viking and Greek heroes eagerly watch the falls? Brooding over all, as Litt would undoubtedly urge, will be the great wrestling Angel, ageless and still keen.

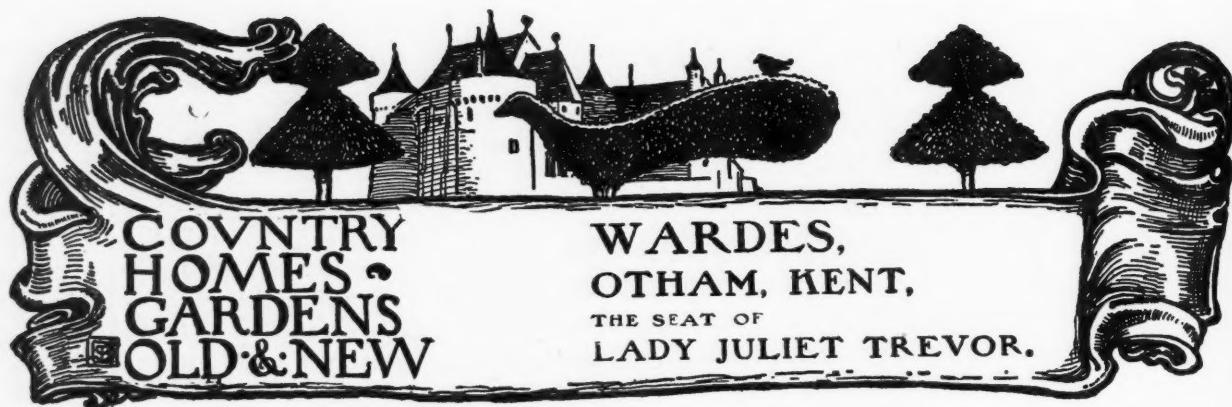
But for us this year there were nearer heroes, sadder losses, younger ghosts. In the soft green dent between the hills that were yellow with autumn sun, bronze with the turning bracken and grey with wall and rock, there was a memory rising like sacrificial smoke. There were bright, blowing flags on the pavilion, and white, colour-touched figures in the ring; but up on the fellside the screen of pines was dark. So, too, behind the living on the ground there hung still heavy the recent pall of death. Over towards Dunmail Raise a white, winding road went dipping and climbing into space, and which of us will ever see again a winding road that will not for us be brown with parting troops? The Border Regiments need no better evidence than is to be found in this little vale of the stock from which they sprang. The exponents of the science of "manhood only" have proved themselves on the last and furthest field. . . .



POLE JUMPING: A VETERAN WINNER.

the fascination of a whole life that enchanteth the ploughboy and enchains the lord.

Litt the wrestler, indeed, in his century-old book, claims precedence for it over every sport. He points not only to its steady growth of dramatic interest through the various rounds, but also to the unusual sporting chance that it affords the smaller men. He dwells on its lack of cruelty and physical risk, as well as the length of years the expert is able to last. His real claim, however, is based on



WHEN the writer first saw the subject of this article it was a noun of multitude, not the house that we see to-day, but an L-shaped group of cottages. That was in 1905; and so for six or seven years it continued, the cottages growing more forlorn and dilapidated every year, until, early in the present century, the seeing eye of the Right Hon. Sir Louis Mallet, G.C.M.G., His Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople, lit upon them, and detected amid the ruin and squalor the possibility of restoring an exceptionally fine old timber house to something like its pristine beauty. Put briefly, that is how the Wardes of to-day came to be. The writer has photographed it in its pre-Mallet days, when it told a very different story, and Ichabod was written upon its decaying timbers. In this, Wardes was but typical of other fine old houses in the neighbourhood—houses of the prosperous yeoman and the squire of good degree—which told a sad tale of families that had died out, of old properties that had changed hands repeatedly, sinking lower and lower until they had come to an unhonoured age, subdivided into cottages and sorely mutilated. From this condition Rumwood, a mile or so away, had been rescued a few years previously—a timber-built mansion that reminds one of the great timber halls of Lancashire and Cheshire. And in this same village of

Otham, a much smaller house, Synyards, was another instance of one that had "seen better days" and was rescued at the eleventh hour from woeful dilapidation.

Otham, some four miles from Maidstone, would take a front place in a competition for the most beautiful village. It stands high and enjoys distant views of hill and dale, woodland and pasture. It has a little stream of its own—the Len—which turns a water-mill, old as Domesday. This is at the foot of the steep hill on which the village perches, and near to Bearstead, where the church tower still boasts three strange monsters on its battlements, said to be bears, in punning allusion to the place name.

As one climbs the hill, past the old mill, along a narrow and tortuous lane seldom more than roft wide, tall hedges and stretches of mellow brick and ragstone walls shut out the view till near the summit, where it opens out, with a foreground of cornfields, cherry orchards and hop gardens. Almost every house, some on the street, some half hidden by the high old walls, festooned with roses and creepers, is ancient and picturesque; here one of half timber with projecting gable, there of Carolean red brick: and down below, in the valley, one gets a peep of Stoneacre, a fifteenth century house with a forgotten history, steep pitched roofs, half



Copyright.

1.—THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY HALL AND DOUBLE-STORY WINGS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Aug. 30th, 1919.]



2.—ELIZABETHAN WING AND FOURTEENTH CENTURY HALL FROM SOUTH-EAST, ACROSS THE FORMAL GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

timber and half stone, rich in fine oak beams, and with an open roofed hall cut up by later floors.

It should be remarked that the one building in Otham that hides itself most successfully is the old church. You can pass through the village street from end to end without catching a glimpse of it. Yet, when found, it is worth seeing, if only for its wonderful panelled door-case of fifteenth century stonework. The windows are mostly fourteenth century, and there are traces of earlier work. It is dedicated, oddly enough, to St. Nicholas, who is usually associated with seafaring places, being the special patron of sailors and those that go down to the sea in ships. Perhaps the fishermen who angled in the little Len, a tributary of the Medway, sought his intercession.

Wardes, near the southern end of the village, is approached from the street by a cleverly engineered drive through a pleasant shrubbery, taking one to the rear or, as it would have been in the old days, the side of the house. In plan, one must think of the house as the letter L reversed (J), with modern additions branching off from its side near the top. These additions were made by Sir Louis Mallet, partly from the designs of Mr. Hubert Bensted, F.R.I.B.A., while the

of the original materials and workmanship. So far as one can judge, the house was subdivided into cottages as far back as the eighteenth century.

The north front (Fig. 1) is the more complete, compared with the south, as it has retained the central space representing the great hall and the east and west double-storey wings, the latter, on the opposite side, being swallowed up in the long sixteenth century wing forming the vertical stroke of the J. We have here a typical and exceptionally early specimen of the class of house that must have been common in Kent, Surrey and Sussex, where oak timber of large size was plentiful from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. Possibly the overhanging upper storey was evolved as a practical form of construction very much earlier than the first of these dates: some antiquaries would trace it back to the timber upper storeys, overhanging to shelter the paved walk in our Romano-British towns, like Silchester. Certainly nothing could be more picturesque, and the extra space gained on the upper floor, together with the shelter from the weather, entirely justify this method. Note that here the timber is all of its delicious natural colour, bleached a silvery grey with age and exposure to the sun and rain. It is a crime to darken



Copyright. 3.—NORTH-WEST VIEW SHOWING FOURTEENTH CENTURY HOUSE AND MODERN ADDITIONS. "C.L."

restoration of the old parts was largely directed by the late Mr. Stephen Mallet, Sir Louis' brother, who may be said to have left a monument of his admirable taste and skill in handicrafts in the oak doors and their wrought ironwork, cunningly contrived by him. The loving pains and the patience expended upon the repair of the old house and the replacing of features that had perished have made the resulting restoration one of the most perfect it has been the writer's good fortune to witness. Credit for this is due also to Mr. Ansett of Maidstone, the builder, who has cleverly reproduced the quaint patterns found in the old pargeting.

The feature of supreme interest in Wardes is the block facing north and south, forming the base of the J, wherein we have a practically perfect example of a timber house of Edward III's reign—not the largest or the small type of house, but the comparatively rare type of intermediate size, inhabited by the less important gentry, the prosperous merchant or yeoman, who seem to have thriven especially in Kent at this time. It is little short of marvellous that a timber house built in about 1370–1380 should have survived to our day, through five and a half centuries of indifferent usage, in so perfect a state. It says much for the excellence

old oak with oil or tar (as has been done quite lately in the case of the thirteenth century lych gate at Beckenham, Kent) or any of the patent wood preservatives, which, excellent as they are for the soft woods, are absurdly inapplicable to the hard, iron-like surface of old oak. Nearly all the framed timbers and the principal parts of the windows and doorways are original work and wonderfully preserved. The oak ground-sill (9ins. by 9ins.) is raised from the ground a few inches on a footing of Kentish ragstone.

The hall, or central body, open to the roof, measures internally 24ft. 2ins. by 20ft. 7ins., and the east wing on the ground floor 20ft. 2ins. by 12ft. 4ins., the west being 13ft. 3ins. wide internally. This western wing is plainly a slightly later reconstruction, or perhaps a completion, of the work on shortened lines after an interval. The lower storey might, from its greater plainness, be deemed older than the eastern wing, but the latter and the central hall are obviously all of a piece, and they can hardly have been added to the western wing; besides, the western of the two bays of which the hall is composed is shorter by 15ins. than the eastern, which would argue in favour of its truncation subsequent to the period of construction. On the other

hand, the western wing is about a foot wider than the older eastern, so that the total length of the front, 52ft., inclusive of the timber walls and the stone footing, is no doubt the original setting out, which has not been affected by these modifications.

The arrangement of the framing timbers in this western wing is peculiar. In the lower part the uprights are very crowded, so that the clay-pugged interspaces are no wider than the oak posts; and the bracket of the corner post is stiff and with only a rudimentary capital. The braces or ornamental fillings in the upper storey to the north are *sui generis*, and while one is shaped like an ox-collar, the other is like a pair of immense curved horns: below are two plain panels, having between them an oblong panel crowded with oak studs. The little four-light window on the ground floor is original. It has moulded oak mullions, only 2½ins. by 2½ins., rebated for glazing. The minuteness of the work and its extraordinary state of preservation after five centuries are quite astonishing.

The delightful little peak or gablet to the steeply hipped roof of this wing is characteristic of these old Kentish houses. It is, of course, not a striving after effect on the part of the builders, but a sound piece of construction, and represents the apex of the last couple of rafters before the hip. Others will be seen at the ends of the main roof in Figs. 1 and 3. It will be noticed also that the hip of this wing roof breaks out from the main roof, and that its pitch is considerably steeper.

The central space, about 24ft., between the wings has two great bracket pieces arching over to stiffen the wall-plate. That on the east springs from a curious little moulded corbel, only to be appreciated, so small is the scale, in the accompanying sketch (Fig. 7). This long piece of wall-plate is prevented from bulging outwards with the thrust of the rafters by a specially cunning little "dodge" (Fig. 8). The ends of the ponderous tie-beams within the hall are carried through so



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4.—DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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5.—FOURTEENTH CENTURY SOLAR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

as to clip the underside of the plate, into which they are dowelled, and the whole is stiffened by a curved bracket. There are two of these in the north and south fronts, one central, and the other may be seen poking its nose out in the photograph Fig. 1, behind the large bracing-bracket—a somewhat puzzling position until one analyses the construction. The enormous corner-post at the north-east angle,

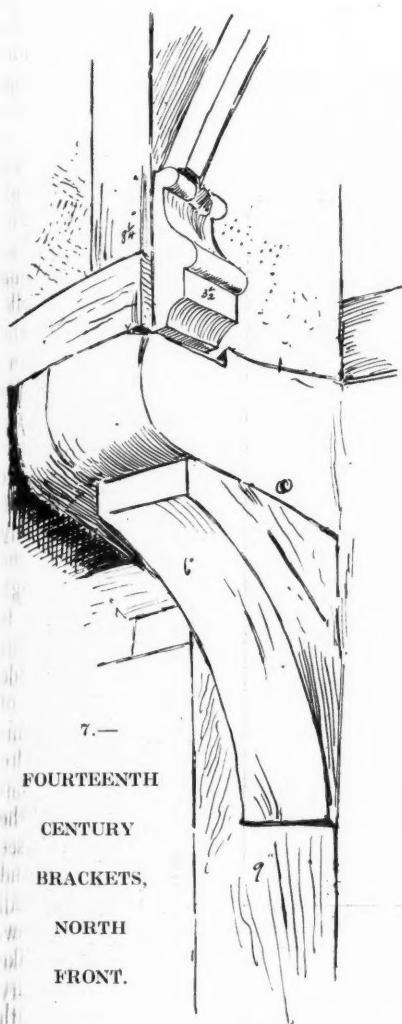
a balk 18ins. by 1ft., about 7ft. 6ins. high including the spreading butt, out of which to fashion it. This rests on a little chamfered stone plinth. According to the writer's pre-restoration photograph, there were studs close together in the ground storey of this wing, where now are wide spaces. The windows that appear in Fig. 1 to right and left of this post are restorations by Sir Louis Mallet, in which he has



Copyright. 6.—THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY HALL LOOKING TOWARDS SOLAR AND PARLOUR. "C.L."

hewn with the adze out of the butt end of a tree, the spreading butt turned upside down to furnish the branching-out bracket that carries the diagonal spur beam of the floor framing. This corner-post—a common feature in the timber houses of the home counties—has a battlemented capital and a moulded base well shown in Fig. 1, and it required

followed a very primitive and "wooden" form of window, going back to a hoary antiquity. It can best be expressed by a diagram (Fig. 9) which is taken from the authentic example happily preserved in the very remarkable transomed window in the north and south walls of the hall. The sides, central mullion, head, transom and sill are all parts of the

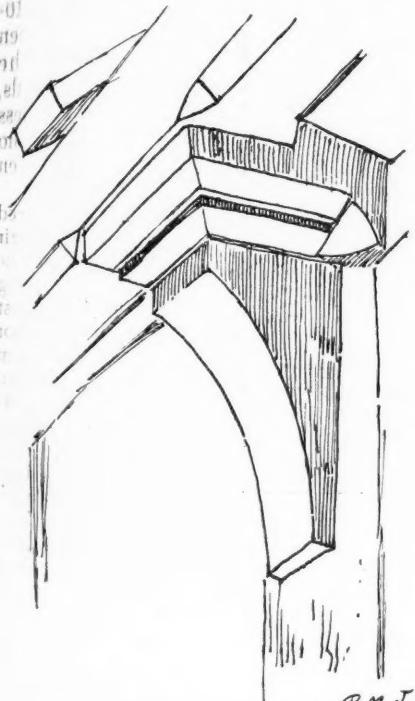


7.—
FOURTEENTH
CENTURY
BRACKETS,
NORTH
FRONT.

which have been left upon the tie-beam and rafters. A good idea of this very rare type of window may be gathered from the interior view of the hall (Fig. 6). This view is taken looking towards the dais end of the hall, in entering which from either north or south one passes through the original doorways. These are 4ft. 3ins. wide, with pointed arches in oak, hollow moulded, the doors of moulded boards being Mr. Stephen Mallet's clever restoration.

Here, as in the corner-posts, the butt end of a tree has been made use of to get the curved line of the arch-head. It should be mentioned that to Mr. Mallet it is due a carved Gothic doorhead on the upper floor of the Elizabethan wing, which might well be taken for a piece of early fourteenth century work.

The outstanding feature in the hall, so well shown in the photograph (Fig. 6), is the great strainer arch, that is to the whole construction what the keystone is to an arch. It stiffens the

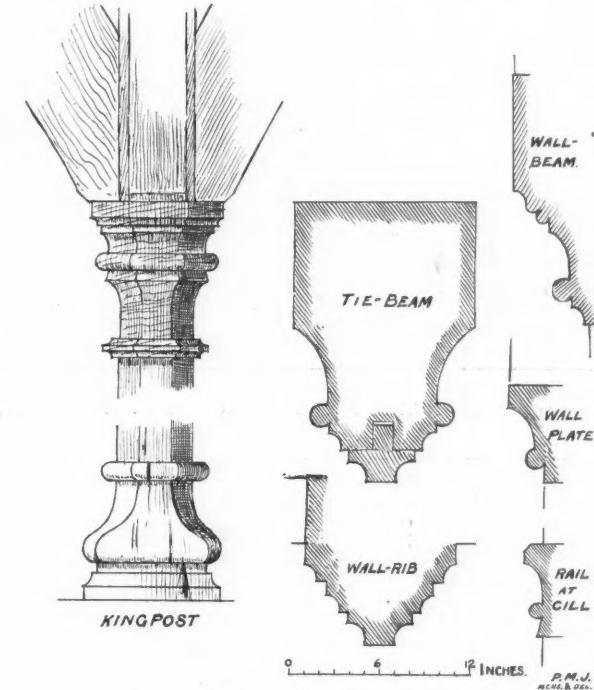


8.—EXTERNAL EAVES-BRACKET OF
FOURTEENTH CENTURY HALL.

timber frame construction of the wall, all being out of 6in. or 6½in. by 4½in. oak, save the transom, which is 1in. thicker, and the sill, which is 7½ins., moulded both sides. The head-piece is slightly narrower and has a hollow moulding on the outside. The interspaces of each oblong light are fitted with three square bars set diagonally, there being originally no glass, and the lower openings being fitted with shutters, for which the transom is grooved and the centre upright rebated. These windows are now filled with leaded glazing; but in the original state, when there was an open fireplace in the centre of the hall, they served to carry off the wood smoke, permanent traces of

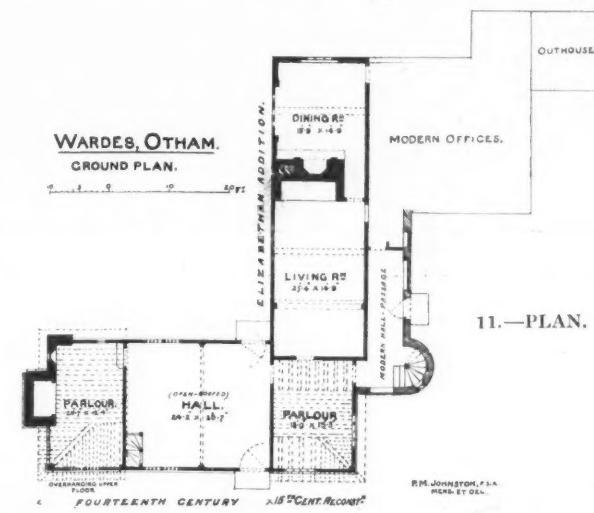
9.—PLAN OF FOURTEENTH CENTURY WINDOW IN HALL.

ponderous moulded and cambered tie-beam (Fig. 10), carrying its weight down to below the middle of the thin walls—which, let us recollect, are only 4½ins. thick, the walls being 14ft. high to the top of the plate. These moulded vertical wall ribs (Fig. 10) measure 11ins. by 10ins., and go through the wall, appearing as a plain post on the outer face. They stand on the ponderous ground sill (9ins. deep), which itself is bedded on the stone footing. To further stiffen this great trussed beam, notice particularly the diagonal spurs



10.—DETAILS OF FOURTEENTH CENTURY HALL.

in the open spandrels of the arch (Fig. 6). The same detail is found in the arched roof-trusses of the Great Hall of Cobham College, near Rochester, founded in 1362, or in other words, about coeval with this Otham house. On the tie-beam stands a tall king post with a peculiarly elegant capital and base, which, as such details cannot be appreciated in a photograph, the writer has drawn in Fig. 10. The mouldings and measurements were obtained with absolute accuracy by means of a ladder, and to students these will corroborate the early date claimed for the hall. From the king post, which is octagonal



11.—PLAN.

and moulded in the solid, a square post continues up to the collar of the rafters, where it is tenoned into the pole plate that goes from end to end, and throws off four curved braces to spread the stiffening of the whole construction. Nothing could be more scientific, nothing more graceful, nothing more economical—and see what a lovely spacious interior results from these homely and home-grown materials when handled

reached either by a short stair or a ladder (the present old staircase, Elizabethan, was placed here by Sir Louis Mallet); and the moulded beam in the wall—all these bear marks of careful finish. This beam, 16ins. deep in the centre and 1ft. at the ends, is richly moulded, and towards its southern end, to the left of the old doorway to the parlour, there is the profile left on its face of a beam that originally ran out from it at a right-angle, the mouldings of the main beam being returned upon it. The smaller beam is mortised for boarding, and it may be assumed, crowned a close-boarded screen that enclosed the high table at this, the dais, end of the hall, and so made things more snug for the principal folk.

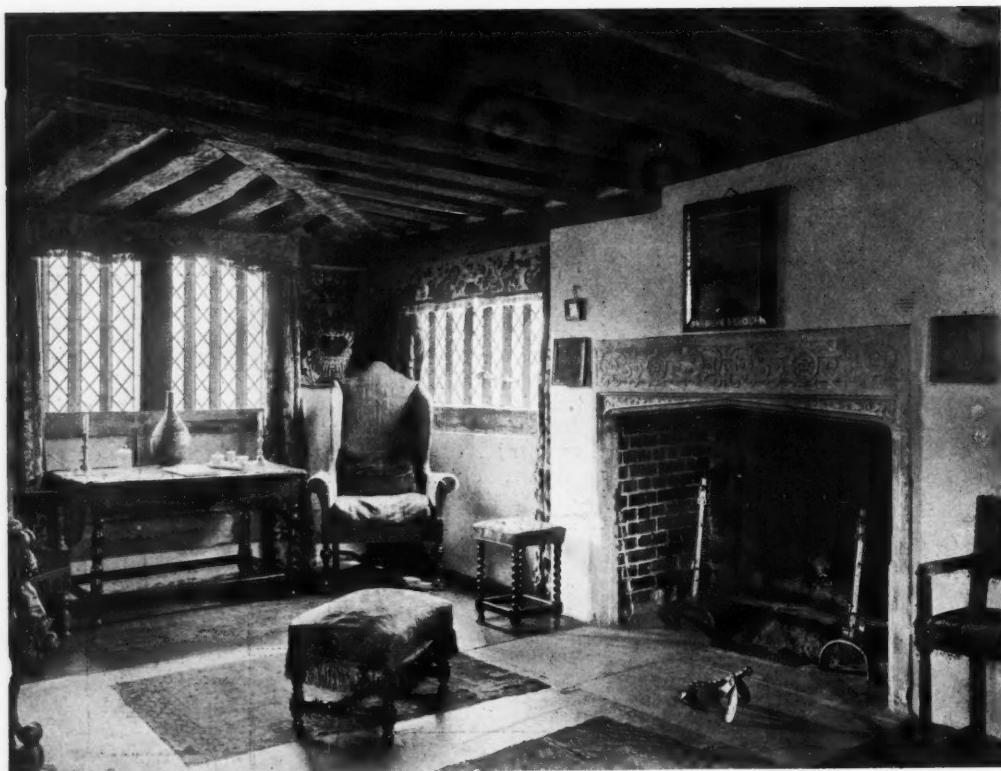
Fig. 13 shows the parlour or withdrawing-room, with its ceiling of heavy beams, in which the diagonal spur timber that bears upon the corner post plainly appears. The stone chimneypiece, though of Tudor date, is an importation, but the chimney outside is old, with walls of ragstone and a chamfered plinth, the stonework being continued round the south-east angle (see Fig. 11, plan, and Fig. 2) with a small oblong stone window. All this looks like late fifteenth century or early sixteenth century work, to meet the increased ideas of comfort. The beautiful old furniture and hangings, shown in this and the other interior views, belonged to Sir Louis Mallet, the photographs having been taken before the house changed hands, and these priceless possessions are no longer to be seen there.

The solar, entered by the winding stair in the corner of the hall, is a charming room with a most attractive old door and a strainer beam across to tie the two timber walls. This beam has curved brackets, one of which appears in the photograph (Fig. 5), together with the great curved wall-braces

(also seen on the hall side, Fig. 6) and the original four-light window with its very rare pattern glass. The writer can vouch for the authenticity of this precious glazing, probably coeval, as he photographed it before the restoration. In this pleasant old room a spinet and some fine pieces of Charles III furniture appear in the photograph. Fig. 12 gives us the interior of the anteroom, or parlour, in the western wing, in which the beamed ceiling, old hangings and some very fine pieces of seventeenth century furniture are shown.



Copyright. 12.—ANTE-ROOM, WEST OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY HALL. "C.L."



Copyright. 13.—FOURTEENTH CENTURY PARLOUR, EAST OF HALL. "C.L."

by an artist-craftsman, such as the fourteenth century carpenter who planned and executed this village hall.

The treatment of the west wall of the hall, as seen from inside, quite confirms the theory that the work was modified during completion. There is a rough bracketed beam and a plain square king post, across which is fixed a piece of timber studded with wooden pegs. The east wall (Fig. 6), on the other hand, bears marks of careful finish; the braces in simple and ogee shaped curves; the upper doorway to the solar,

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14.—LIVING-ROOM AND LIBRARY.

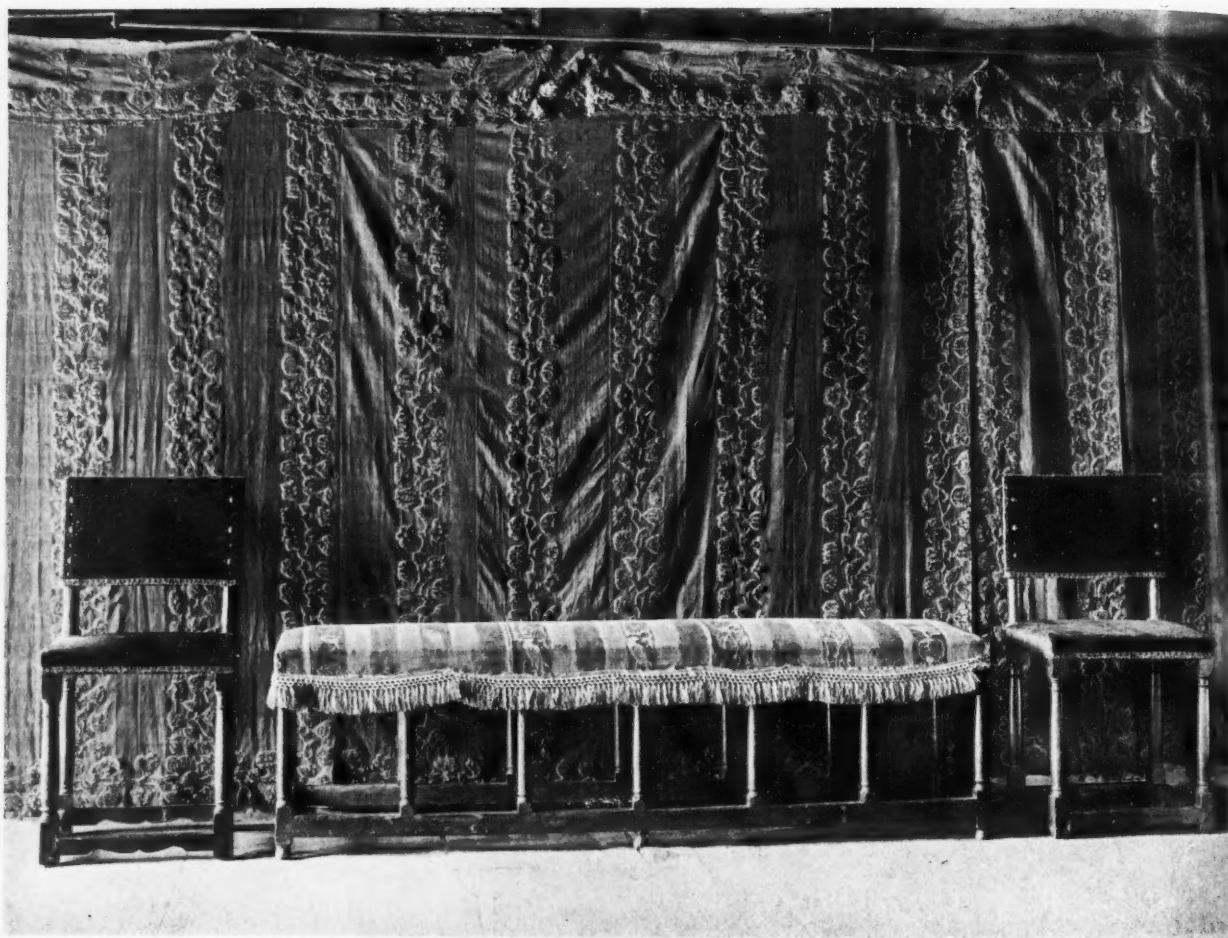
"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

15.—LIVING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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16.—ARRAS, CHAIRS AND FORM IN HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Let us now return through the hall and, passing out by its south door through the beautifully planned formal garden, we get the view in Fig. 2, showing the south front of the

fourteenth century hall and the long Elizabethan wing, with the modern additions in admirable harmony on the left. In the Elizabethan work almost the only things to be noted are the tall chimney and the very pretty bracketed four-light windows of the upper storey. Here also the walls are of post and panel construction, but on the ground floor the filling is of brick.

Passing to the interior, we enter the Elizabethan wing from the anteroom and find open ceilings of heavy timbers, all nicely wrought, and some prettily stop-chamfered contemporary panelling and, at the southern end, a wide open fireplace (Fig. 15). This beautiful old room—one of the most satisfying interiors on a small scale to be seen anywhere—is 25ft. 4ins. long by 14ft. 9ins. wide, but



17.—CHAIR WITH SEVENTEENTH CENTURY NEEDLEWORK



18.—EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CHAIR.

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the length is a modern dimension, as a partition wall has been removed to throw a small chamber into the larger one, the effect of which is clear on the plan (Fig. 11) and the view looking northward towards the antechamber (Fig. 14). Here again, and in Fig. 15, may be seen the beautiful old furniture of sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth century dates gathered by Sir Louis Mallet, and the cleverly painted frieze over the fireplace by Mr. Philip Tilden, which has added great charm to this delightful old room. While much of the furniture and other movables have gone in the transfer of the house to Lady Juliet Trevor, much still remains and other things have been supplied.

A door to the right of the great fireplace leads to the dining-room (Fig. 4), almost a square on plan, with beamed ceiling and mullioned windows, where the stone fireplace is an insertion, though old and appropriate in character. In the mass of brickwork to the right there was probably an oven in the days when every house baked its own bread. This pleasant room is rendered additionally attractive by the applied plaster decoration, coloured and gilt, by Mr. Tilden.

What the old staircase at Wardes was like we have no means of knowing. In its Elizabethan days it must have possessed an adequate wooden stair, which probably perished when the old house was cut up into tenements. Faced with this practical need, Sir Louis Mallet erected the circular stone stair which figures so prominently at the north-west

angle (Figs. 11 and 3), with not altogether satisfactory results either from the point of view of usefulness or of suitability to its surroundings. However, it does get one upstairs, where we find four entirely pleasing bedrooms on the first floor and others in the steeply pitched roof of the Elizabethan room, while a particularly pretty room, largely constructed and fitted with old oak, has been formed over the modern kitchen offices, with bathrooms and other necessaries. The cupboards, cunningly contrived in roofs and chimney-breasts, are as pleasantly mysterious as they are useful. In the old bedrooms the oak in walls and ceilings is wonderfully good and all in its pristine beauty of colour and surface. The wide projecting windows in the Elizabethan wing, with much of the original greenish glass in them, add greatly to the charm of these rooms.

In the hall was some particularly good ancient arras (shown in Fig. 16), together with two chairs and a long form of the Henri II period; and in the anteroom, or library, was another good chair, with stuffed back (shown in Fig. 18). In Fig. 17 we have a chair from the hall, of which the back is a particularly beautiful piece of old needlework.

The writer cannot close without acknowledging to the late and the present owners of this lovely old house his indebtedness for the full facilities given him in the compiling of this record. May Wardes and Otham long continue to be haunts of ancient peace!

PHILIP MAINWARING JOHNSTON.

IN THE GARDEN

YUCCA FILAMENTOSA.

THE yuccas may claim to be the grandest ornaments of the summer garden. The most effective for foliage are the two of large growth, *Y. gloriosa* and *Y. recurva*, but the one most free of bloom is the smaller-habited *Y. filamentosa*. From its lesser size it can be planted in larger groups; for there is sure to be, in such a patch as one of eight or nine plants, some four or five in bloom in the middle and late summer. They are also more true to their season than the larger kinds, for *Y. gloriosa* has a distressing way of sometimes throwing up a spike of bloom in November or in some other unseasonable month, while *filamentosa* is true to July and August. The best way is to plant the large ones for their splendid port and noble foliage at the back of a group, with a plentiful number of *filamentosa* in the foreground. The yuccas are best planted on raised beds or banks, as they cannot endure anything like damp at the root. They are fine as the crowning glory of rockwork on a large scale, or where there is some high dry walling, of which the upper courses can be loosely and rockily arranged so as to admit of some *filamentosa* being planted in the upper joints, so that the yuccas can be seen from below against the sky.

AMONG THE ROSES.

Towards the end of summer there is much to do in the rose garden. The simple but important task of removing dead flowers from bush and standard roses should receive constant attention, not only for the sake of appearance, but also as an aid in promoting continuous flowering during autumn. Use a sharp knife, and cut down to the first good leaf below the old blooms. On light soils heavy watering followed by liquid manure from the stable will promote growth and flowers, and maintain the plants in health. As a preventive of mildew, rust or black spot, spray the plants with a solution of sulphide of potassium, using an ounce to three gallons of water. (N.B.—Keep the stock of undissolved sulphide in a sealed or stoppered vessel.) Good cultivation and thorough spraying are the best means of keeping the dreaded diseases in check. Carefully cut out all suckers which spring from the briar stock. As a rule they are readily recognised by their vigorous growth and the different formation of the leaflets. In many cases suckers are most persistent, and the operation



YUCCA FILAMENTOSA.

of removing them should be thorough, clearing away the soil where necessary and cutting the suckers clean away from the stock. Unless this is done the neglected rose garden would soon become a thicket of briars. Examine standard roses in open positions and see that they are secure against damage by wind. Rambler roses having passed out of flower should now be pruned. All the old flowering growth should be cut clean out to the base and strong young shoots trained in position for next year's flowering.

TWO LATE-FLOWERING SHRUBS.

Apart from the Syrian hibiscus there are few shrubs, if any, that are flowering so freely as *Eucryphia pinnatifolia* at the present time. It is without doubt one of the most beautiful of the few shrubs that flower towards the end of summer. Growing best on a moist, peaty soil, it is quite at home in a heath garden so planted that heather gives shade to its roots. The flowers are white, four-petaled, with a tuft of stamens reminding one in size and form of the better known St. John's wort. Although a native of Chili, it has proved hardy in many exposed gardens in this country. The Syrian hibiscus is flowering remarkably well this year. It is a perfectly hardy shrub, and can usually be depended on for a good show of flower in August and September. The white-flowered varieties are wonderfully attractive at night, when the flowers open wide.

NATURE NOTES

BIRDS THAT SING BY NIGHT: THE ICTERINE WARBLER AND OTHERS

The nightingale should she sing by day
When every goose is cackling would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

THREE is much truth in this dictum of Shakespeare's. By day half the soul-stirring qualities of a nightingale's song are lost, for his voice is then merged in a noisy chorus, and is sometimes even completely drowned by the more clamorous notes of his rivals. This fact will be more fully realised when one hears for the first time the solitary song of some other species uttered during the silent watches of the night. New and unthought-of beauty may then be discovered in even a commonplace song, and the listener is thrilled by the liquid purity of notes that, on ordinary occasions, would scarcely be heeded.

If a stranger were to question an average Englishman on the subject, he would almost certainly be told that the nightingale is the only British bird that sings by night; and yet, if the truth be known, there are really many other species that do so. In the nightingale the habit is more or less fixed, but in other species only isolated individuals become vocal during the hours of darkness, and then, probably, only by accident or under specially favourable conditions.

After the nightingale, among European birds, I suppose the acrocephaline warblers are most addicted to this practice, and



1. 2. 3.
Bills of the Willow Warbler (1) and Icterine Warbler (2 and 3)
compared, life size.

in the Norfolk Broads and along the Thames Valley it is no uncommon thing to hear reed warblers singing lustily long after the faintest glimmer of light has faded from the western sky. In the summer of 1915 my military duties often necessitated an all-night vigil in a vast and lonely marshland, and it was on one of these occasions that I first appreciated the full merits and companionship of this little warbler's song. One night I remember in particular. It was between twelve and one, and it had become so dark that only a few of the brightest planets showed through the haze that clung to the low-lying meadows. The merest ghost of a breeze stirred and rustled among the reeds; otherwise the night was almost as silent as it was dark. Then suddenly, quite close at hand, a loud twanging melody smote my ears.

The startling suddenness and nearness of this outcry, issuing as it did from the murky shadows within a few feet of me, made the notes sound almost uncanny, and it was some seconds before I realised it was the old familiar song of the reed warbler. Presently the tune was taken up by another bird and then by a third, until the air literally throbbed with their melody.

In this case my footfall had no doubt disturbed the original songster's slumbers and had so evoked its defiant music; but later I often heard reed warblers singing in these marshlands when there appeared to be no such provocation.

The woodlark is another frequent night singer, and its marvellous flute-like notes often break the nocturnal silence of its favourite haunts among the hills of Wales or the heathery combes of Devon.

Late last summer I was able to add another bird to my list of midnight songsters—the icterine warbler—and it was a delightful experience I shall not readily forget.

It was not far from Hesdin and a full harvest moon was flooding the pretty Picardy landscape with an almost tropical brilliance. I have little doubt that it was this unusual effulgence, coupled with the soft night air, that caused my bird to break into its unaccustomed melody. At all times it is a joy to listen to the ecstatic outpourings of an icterine warbler; imagine then the fascination of hearing its song under such novel and romantic conditions and amid such attractive surroundings! This warbler is well known as an incomparable mimic with a very varied répertoire, but my bird seemed to be especially gifted in this respect, and, moreover, was in a particularly happy vein. He succeeded in uniting the charm of many species—and especially that of the whitethroat and the skylark—into a very enchanting rhapsody. But apart from the recurring imitations of these two, he parodied very perfectly the notes of several other species—for instance, rendered with really wonderful fidelity, I heard the fussy chattering of a sparrow, the percussive "Pink, pink" of a chaffinch, and the creaking call-note of the grey partridge, and all of these were intermingled in the

quaintest fashion with snatches of song from the nightingale's, blue tit's and thrush's répertoire. At times these imitations were so ludicrously realistic that I could scarcely refrain from laughing outright—there seemed something irresistibly comic about the incongruous association of some of these notes—that the nightingale should be coupled with the vulgar sparrow or the full-throated thrush with the unmelodious partridge.

It is a matter for much regret that the icterine warbler so rarely pays us a visit. Although breeding commonly on the opposite shores of the Channel (where many soldier ornithologists made its acquaintance during the war) and ranging as far north as the Arctic Circle in Norway, it has not been known to visit the British Isles more than a score of times. The tree warblers (to which the icterine belongs) resemble in general aspect and coloration large editions of our well known willow warblers, but they are characterised by proportionately larger and much flattened, almost flycatcher-like, bills.

Two species of the genus *Hypolais* occur and breed commonly in France—the icterine and melodious tree warblers. These resemble each other almost as closely as do the marsh and reed warblers, and for this reason it is extremely difficult to define their exact limitations. Broadly speaking, however, the breeding areas of the two birds may be divided by a line drawn diagonally across Europe from Havre to Genoa, the slightly smaller and shorter winged melodious tree warbler (*H. polyglotta*) inhabiting the western side, and the icterine (*H. icterina*) the eastern side, of this line.

They both build a similar type of nest, which seems to vary a little in construction according to the site selected. In my experience, when it is placed among the flimsy outer branches of a tree or shrub (where it might easily be detected), the cup is thin and neatly woven; but if it happens to be hidden in a thicket, it seems to be a much more massive affair, and coarser materials are generally introduced into the structure. The eggs are exceedingly beautiful and quite unlike anything to be found in England. They are pale rose or claret pink in colour, sparingly marked with small brownish black spots and with, occasionally, a few fine hair-lines. In addition to these, blurred lavender grey shell marks are frequently visible.

C. INGRAM.

THE WAYS OF STORKS.

The white stork is happily still a fairly common bird in Holland, although its numbers have sadly diminished of late years owing to, as is generally supposed, their eating poisoned locusts in their winter quarters in Africa. In this country the stork commonly nests on a cartwheel put on a high pole in a meadow, generally near a homestead or country house. In some parts they also build their nests on chimneys. For a great many years a pair of storks used to nest on a pole in a meadow near my house.

When, in 1895, I moved to my present house, about two miles away from the old one, no storks nested there. One of the first things I did on arrival was to put up a nesting place in sight of my study windows. The first year the nest was not permanently occupied, but a pair of birds or one of them used to come occasionally to inspect it, remaining sometimes for hours at a time. Probably these storks were the inhabitants of the nest near my old house, as only one pair was at that time seen in the neighbourhood.

The year after, at the time that storks usually come to this country (the beginning of April), a pair arrived at the new nest and remained there, while the old one remained unoccupied, and ever since the same thing has occurred, so that I firmly believe that the storks have followed me. The reason that they changed their abode I attribute to two things. The first is that the new nest is on a taller pole and in a larger meadow, with big trees all round it as a shelter. The second reason may be the circumstance that the nest in the old place was near a piece of ornamental water full of water fowl, which have all been moved to a pond near the nest in the new place. It seems probable that the storks feel more at home near the inhabited pond than near the deserted one, having been accustomed to the vicinity of the water fowl during a long series of years.

This season the storks were very late, arriving at Goolust only on May 1st, owing probably to the continued cold weather during the spring. They began to repair their nest immediately, and very soon after the female was seen to be sitting on eggs.

Only two young were hatched, which after a while could plainly be seen emerging from the nest. The weather, which had been warm at first, now turned cold and unusually wet, and after this had gone on for some time one young bird only could be seen, the second one having disappeared. About that time the old birds were seen carrying pieces of turf to the nest, which they arranged inside it. It seems probable that the cold and wet killed one of the young ones and that the dead body was buried in the nest itself by the parent birds, as careful search under the nest and all over the meadow did not reveal it.

Storks are very punctual in the time of their departure, which occurs here generally about August 21st.

As the young bird this season is so very late and at the time of writing, August 4th, has not yet left the nest, I am curious to see what the date of departure will be this time. A nesting pair of storks is extremely impatient of others near it, and I have witnessed cruel fights in which plenty of blood flowed. One year a strong stork, which was particularly savage, prevented my pair from nesting. He made occasional raids on them in which he

was always victorious, chasing them right away from the nest. When at last he gave up his amusement the nesting season was over and no eggs were laid. Fortunately the next year he did not come back and the rightful owners were not again disturbed, and brought up their family in peace.

The number of young storks usually reared is three or four, but on one occasion six young birds were reared to maturity. This number I have never known to be exceeded.

F. E. BLAAUW.

LITERATURE

A DEACON OF THE CRAFT

Pope: The Leslie Stephen Lecture delivered before the University of Cambridge, 10 May, 1919, by J. W. Mackail.
(Cambridge University Press.)

THIS is the Leslie Stephen Lecture delivered in May of this year before the University of Cambridge, and Leslie Stephen, if he had been alive, would have liked it. And indeed, all students of poetry will read the essay with appreciation and pleasure, although the name of Pope has been a signal for controversy ever since his death. Mr. Mackail at the very beginning argues against anyone producing a final judgment. "Poetry," he says, "means to each generation, even one might say to each individual, something different." The eye that regards it is influenced by temperament, tradition and orientation—the last word is that of the essayist and not of the present writer. This is true, but only to a limited extent. Tennyson used to say that we are all, the famed and the unknown alike, rushing to obscurity, and the pace is only a little quicker in the case of one than of another. That Pope is meeting with the common fate is evidenced clearly enough from the dwindling of interest in the ancient controversy, "Who is a poet if Pope is not?" Even Mr. Courthope could scarcely rouse the world into an active interest in discussing the question, although Mr. Mackail devotes several pages to an attempt to trace its origin. It will not do to search his verses for a few lines to quote. These can be found easily, but if the passages adduced by Mr. Mackail are placed beside the really great passages in literature it will be seen that they are little better than ingenious fictions.

A critic not often quoted now, but still worth reading, the Rev. George Gilfillan, in the essay on "The Genius and Poetry of Pope," which he wrote for an edition published in 1856, left very little more to be said. At that time Pope was still held in very great esteem. Gilfillan rather maliciously adduces as an excuse for attaching importance to Pope that the Commissioners of the Fine Arts had selected him along with Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton and Dryden to fill the six vacant places in the new Palace of Westminster. This is curious reading to-day, when Commissioners of the Fine Arts would be laughed to scorn if they attempted to make a pontifical ruling in regard to poetry. They can scarcely go wrong in the choice of Shakespeare and Milton; but Pope, Spenser, Dryden, with Chaucer left out, to speak of no other, would scarcely be regarded as fit company. Again, to tell us that he was the most popular poet of the eighteenth century, with the doubtful exception of Cowper, would fall on deaf ears, as would the fact that his essay on "Man" and his "Eloise and Abelard" are probably in every good library. A good library, too, has lost its prestige. Still more curious is the argument that more quotations of Pope are afloat than of any English poet, except Shakespeare and Young. The very coupling of Shakespeare and Young would serve to reduce this proposition to its native absurdity. Further, in the early part of last century Lord Carlyle tells us that he found in America "the most cultivated and literary portion of that great community warmly imbued with an admiration of Pope." These things constitute, in the twentieth century, good reasons for not admiring him. Gilfillan's own views are much more consonant with those of the present generation, though it may seem an exhibition of the art of "sinking" to say that Pope was inferior to Burns, Wordsworth, Keats, Byron, Shelley, Coleridge and many others. But there is real criticism in the following passage which occurs after it has been pointed out that many of the finer sentiments found in Pope were taken by him from Pascal and others.

Shakespeare's wisdom, on the other hand, can be traced to Shakespeare's brain, and no further, although he has borrowed the plots of his plays. Who lent Chaucer his pictures, fresh as dewdrops from the womb of the morning? Spenser's Allegories are as native to him as his dreams; and if Milton has now and then carried off a load which belonged to another, it was a load which only a giant's arm could lift, and which he added to a caravan of priceless wealth, the native inheritance of his own genius.

We quote this mainly because it comes right up against Mr. Mackail's argument. He distinguishes between the character of Pope and the character of his work, and says that one should not be judged in the light of the other. But this is a proposition very much open to argument. The business of the critic is to determine what is original in any writing and what has been made up. It is true that Shakespeare has told us that the best poetry is the most feigning, only he did not mean it seriously. It could easily be shown that Pope excels at feigning. The rather superficial wisdom of the essay on Man is all made up, except the waspishness which gives it character. His very style is a manufactured article. No doubt it is clear, witty and smooth, but it is also monotonous and tiresome. At the best, it only establishes Scott's dictum that Pope was "a deacon of the craft"; that is, a very expert workman. But this leads us to another questionable criticism put forward by Mr. Mackail, which is directed against Matthew Arnold's opinion that Dryden and Pope "are not classics of our poetry, but classics of our prose." If the oft put query, "Is Pope a poet?" be answered in the negative, as it well might, Matthew Arnold would be well able to justify his verdict. It would be childish in the extreme to assert that the difference between poetry and prose is purely one of metre. If that were admitted it would follow that "High diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle" is poetry as well as "Paradise Lost." But poetry is not a form, but an essence. Mr. Mackail quotes a fine passage from Shelley, "poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world." It certainly does not do that because in it one syllable is made to jingle with another syllable. It does so because of an imaginative insight that belongs to it more than to prose. When a great orator produces a very noble passage it is appropriate that it should be called poetic, just as it is proper that if a poet, whatever be his skill in rhyming, becomes commonplace we say he is prosy. But the best that can be put forward for the poetry of Pope is to say that it is good prose. In other words, it possesses those characteristics common to both poetry and prose. "Clarity, precision, good sense," says Mr. Mackail, "are virtues in either." No one could possibly deny that these qualities are possessed by Pope, but great poetry requires a something more, which he was unable to supply. Even the peroration of the "New Dunciad," which has been praised so often and is praised again by the latest critic, is rather high-flown rhetoric than immortal verse. Ex nihil, nihil fit, which we may translate thus, "no good can come out which is not within." Pope never revealed himself to us, but only his reading. In this respect he was very unlike Wordsworth, for instance, who put all of himself into his poems; his dulness, prolixity, his want of humour, as well as his divine moments. Tennyson's life and Tennyson's work are one and indivisible. That is true also of Shelley, Browning, Burns and probably of Shakespeare, though we do not know so much of him as to speak with complete confidence. We know less of Homer in a way, and yet his greatness comes out in the force and vividness of his battle pictures, his pathos, his sympathy with nature. When Pope translates from him, it is as if Greeks and Trojans, Troy and Sparta were being looked at through the wrong end of a telescope so that they are diminished and tiny copies of the ancient poet's bold creation.

THE ESTATE MARKET

VICTORY HOUSE: A GOOD OMEN

SATISFACTORY as it is, judged simply as a sale, Messrs. Hampton and Sons' latest transaction in London properties may be regarded as a good omen for British trade, as the neutral country whose traders have acquired the premises in Cockspur Street, for approximately a quarter of a million sterling, have done so with the object of developing trade with Great Britain. By the way, this sale will take the present week's aggregate well on towards half a million, while the total last week was little, if at all, short of that figure, inclusive of the Duke of Portland's private sales, which were announced in COUNTRY LIFE. Such totals in August are almost unprecedented, and promise well for the autumn season.

SALE OF MAPPERTON.

Mapperton, the exquisite old manor house in Dorset, was sold on Saturday last by Messrs. Hy. Duke and Son, with 104 acres, for £21,000, other land on the estate bringing the total to £30,550. The firm also sold Kingston, seven miles from Dorchester, 789 acres, for £7,800; and the Tarrant estates of Sir William Smith-Marriott, 2,005 acres, three miles from Blandford, for £41,485. The aggregate realisations thus amounted to nearly £81,000, a notable achievement for an August auction.

KINGSCLERE RACING ESTABLISHMENT.

Mr. T. Warner Turner, of the Portland Estate Office, Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts, is inviting offers for the Kingsclere Racing Establishment. The decision to dispose of Kingsclere was reached before the war, which, however, prevented anything being done in that direction. The present announcement is merely a general preliminary, and may pave the way for arrangements, such as many would desire to see, regarding the establishment where Ormonde and other renowned racehorses were trained. Blue Gown, Isonomy, Flying Fox, La Flèche, Troutbeck and Clarissimus, to mention only a few, have won distinction for Kingsclere, and news of the future of the famous stable is awaited by a large section of the public with interest almost akin to anxiety. Up to the present little, beyond the bare announcement of the fact that the property is in the market, has, however, been authoritatively stated, though, of course, there are countless conjectures as to Mr. Waugh's intentions, and great outpourings of reminiscences, more or less well founded.

MOOR PARK AND REIGATE PRIORY.

No apology is needed for again referring to the fact that Reigate Priory, with its splendid specimen furniture, is coming under the hammer, on September 9th, of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, at Hanover Square. Later in the same week Moor Park is to be submitted. Though they differ in so many respects they have much in common—antiquity, stateliness, a fascinating history, lovely surroundings and nearness to town. Happy indeed should be the man whose means enable him to acquire either estate, and if his tastes incline towards historical study, he will be doubly fortunate. The excellent little history of Moor Park written by the Dowager Lady Ebury should be read by anyone who may be thinking of buying the property. Reigate Priory was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE on April 6th and 13th, 1918; Moor Park, mentioned in some detail in these columns on March 22nd last, was fully described and illustrated in the issues of January 6th and 13th, 1912.

SALES BY PRIVATE TREATY.

Merton Grange, Gamlingay, a freehold residential and agricultural estate of 200 acres, with a very interesting old house, model farm and cottages, has been privately sold by Messrs. Hampton and Sons in conjunction with Messrs. Bidwell and Sons, and the auction which had been arranged for September 9th is accordingly cancelled. The former firm has sold another property since the recent auction, namely, Chatley, Norton St. Philip, near Bath, a compact freehold of 27 acres, with a substantial stone mansion. They have also disposed of the Town Louse, No. 26, Grosvenor Gardens.

Two of the holdings on the Cardiganshire estate, in the valley of the Tevy, offered at Llanbyther a few days ago by Messrs. Driver, Jonas and Co., have been privately sold, and thus, as two were sold under the hammer, only one remains for disposal. The total area of the property is about 770 acres, in the vicinity of Lampeter, and the salmon fishing rights in the Tevy are of considerable value.

Windwhistle, Meonstoke, Bishop's Waltham, a freehold residential property, with 58 acres of grounds and meadowlands, recently offered by auction, has just been sold privately by Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker, who have also sold Newlands, Goodworth Clatford, Andover, and Moor Hall, Wootton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, and Brookheath, near Southampton.

PIEL CASTLE, MORECAMBE BAY.

Piel Castle, the ruined remains of which are one of the attractions of the Morecambe Bay island, known as the Pile of Fouldrey, is for sale at Barrow-in-Furness on September 10th,

by Messrs. Lowden and Postlethwaite, on behalf of the Duke of Buccleuch. The island is of little more than 20 acres in area, and contains only eight or ten cottages and a public-house. Camden considered that the castle was probably built in the reign of Edward III, by the Abbot of Furness, as a defence of the harbour.

A NORTH FORELAND FREEHOLD.

The late Sir William Capel Slaughter's trustees are desirous of selling White Ness, the mansion and eighty-four acres about a mile from Broadstairs and three miles from Margate. The grounds stretch to the edge of the cliffs at Kingsgate, the extreme north-east point of the County of Kent. In the immediate vicinity are the seats of Lord Avebury, Lord Northcliffe and Colonel Colin Campbell. It was at Kingsgate that Charles II and his brother, the Duke of York, landed in June, 1683, on their voyage from London to Dover. A gateway which was erected in commemoration of the event was blown down in a storm in the eighteenth century. It was rebuilt close by in the grounds of the convent, now "Port Regis." For their position the gardens are surprisingly rich, the cedars and other specimen trees being equal to anything to be found in an inland district, and the fruit and rose gardens deserve special reference. Part of the North Foreland Golf Course is on the estate. Messrs. Hampton and Sons are the agents.

SIR WALTER GILBEY'S ESSEX ESTATE.

Elsenham Hall, near Bishop's Stortford, is offered for sale by Messrs. Daniel Watney and Sons. There will be many regrets in that part of Essex that Sir Walter Gilbey should be severing the long association of his family with Elsenham which his father made famous. The late Sir Walter Gilbey was a standing contradiction to the rule that no man can serve two masters. He was both townsman and countryman; a successful wine merchant and a great agriculturist, and equally at home in Oxford Street and in the Elsenham paddocks. Moreover, even as an agriculturist he was a many-sided enthusiast, and did as much for the old English cart horse as for the hackney, and won many prizes for his Jersey cattle. Elsenham contained during his ownership perhaps the finest collection of examples of the great English animal painters ever brought together—George Stubbs, Morland, Sartorius, Alken, Herring. The red-brick battlemented mansion is one of those places which are usually described as "rambling," and contains thirty-four bed and dressing rooms. Well equipped in every respect, it stands high in a park which contains a lake of nearly four acres.

BROWN HOWE AND GRAYSWOOD HILL.

There are very few houses all told on the shores of Lake Coniston, especially towards the southern end of that ribbon-like strip of water, and it is rarely that so attractive a Lakeland estate as Brown Howe comes into the market. It is on the west side of the lake, and faces wooded slopes rising from the water's edge and backed by the Furness Fells which lie between Coniston and Windermere. Brantwood, Ruskin's famous home, lies three or four miles further up on the east bank, and the Old Man towers up at the head of the lake. Brown Howe, the property of the late Sir Robert Hampson, has three-quarters of a mile of lake frontage, with abundant parkland, matured gardens and grounds—thirty-four acres in all. It is a good stone house with fifteen bed and dressing rooms, lodge, cottage, laundry and boathouse. Lakeland—happily for the preservation of its charms—is not everyone's choice for a home, but those who love it are its constant lovers, and Coniston, while not possessing either the sheer loveliness of Grasmere or Rydal Water or the sternness and wildness of Wastwater, has its own placid, fiord-like charm. At any rate, it well satisfied that most exacting of critics, John Ruskin. Brown Howe is ten miles from Ulverston and the main line, but other local stations are nearer. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are the auctioneers.

It is a tall claim to make for any site, however highly favoured, to say that it is "the finest position in the South of England." However, this is boldly made on behalf of "Grayswood Hill" at Haslemere, a house which enjoys a panoramic view of thirty miles over the Weald of Sussex and Surrey. Thirty miles of what Mr. Kipling calls the "blue goodness of the Weald" cannot help but make a noble prospect, and the house has a setting of broad terraces and garden grounds in an estate of 63 acres. There is a general disposition nowadays to acknowledge the peerless quality of the Haslemere and Hindhead district, and yet it is amusing to remember that not so very long ago people shuddered at the thought of Hindhead. William Cobbett, who had a good eye for a view, as many a passage in his "Rural Rides" bears eloquent witness, described Hindhead as "certainly the most villainous spot that God ever made." There is no hedging about that verdict. Yet to-day the wildness of this "most villainous spot" is perhaps esteemed even more highly than the softer beauties of its neighbours. Mr. R. C. S. Evennett of Haslemere has the selling of "Grayswood Hill."

CORRESPONDENCE

THE FUTURE OF AGRICULTURE.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I did not gather from Mr. Edge's very interesting letter how "the nation" differs from "the consumer." Even those misanthropes who can afford to live upon imports and enjoy the desolation of the countryside must now see the necessity of getting as much food out of the soil as we can. I adopt Mr. Edge's statement that "agriculture in this country must be run in a big way on 'factory' lines." But can we do this efficiently if we do not farm every acre under county management? And can we spend the necessary money and get the proper control until the land is our own again? The counties will need all the Mr. Edges that they can secure to form their committees; but will "the landed gentry" make what they believe to be a sacrifice to secure the well-being of all? We can beat Free Trade prices only when we farm as county units, with dépôts and sub-dépôts, scientific advisers and business managers for the whole. When we consider how best to use the new agricultural machinery we must see at once that economy cannot be secured under the old system. When we look at our general milk supply we must be convinced that nothing could be more expensive and less satisfactory than the present method. Under the old system we cannot grow wheat at all, though this is the centre of all good farming. And as to stock rearing, is there any subject more important than the due guidance and control of this? Nothing prevents successful national farming but our present system of land tenure. Will our old leaders still lead us and secure self-support in home-grown food; or will they become an incubus, a thing which must be got rid of even though it be through fierce strife?—GEORGE RADFORD.

LAND SALES AND THE CORNISH TENANT FARMER.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The Cornish tenant farmer is passing through a very serious time just at present. Numbers of small farms are being put up for sale by auction, but in many instances the County Council, in its zeal for soldier settlement, has outbid good tenant farmers who were very desirous of purchasing their holdings. In nearly all cases the prices paid by the Council have been very inflated. To safeguard the future interests of the small farmer, who is the backbone of the countryside, it is proposed that it shall be a standing instruction to the Small Holdings Committee from the Council in acquiring land by purchase at public auction for the purpose of small holdings, to have regard to the following conditions: That the interests of the sitting tenants shall, as far as may be consistent with the public interest, be considered and safeguarded; that no holding of less than 120 acres shall be purchased, providing the committee is assured by the sitting tenant that he is prepared to bid for such holding at its fair market value for the purpose of farming it himself, and that such holding is at the time of sale being farmed according to the rules of good husbandry; and that greater efforts shall be made by the committee to acquire more land by private treaty at reasonable prices in order to avoid acquisition of holdings at inflated values when sold at public auction.—GEORGE PETERS MICHELL.

HERON DESTROYS GOLDFISH.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Sitting in the garden in the gloaming towards the middle of last month, a large bird floated through the trees and circled three times round the garden and finally settled on the lawn within 15yds. of my wife and myself. When I first saw it I thought it was an owl, but silhouetted against the sky and on the lawn saw that it was a heron. We surveyed each other with mutual interest for seven or eight minutes, before it flew away across a pool containing goldfish. Next morning not a fish was to be seen, and our visitor had evidently paid them a visit as well as us, for though I have caught glimpses of one or two since, they fly—as far as fish can—if they see a human being, whereas before they were quite tame and would almost feed out of the hand. We are half a mile from the sea, a part of a village, so altogether it must be an unusual occurrence, and I do not suppose a heron often gets goldfish for supper. A heron, by the way, is very good eating, and in some old books on venery heads the list of game birds. Hung for a fortnight and cooked with an onion inside to take away the fishy taste, it is excellent—a sort of mixture of hare and pheasant. One does not often get a chance of shooting them, and your host may prefer you not to; but, anyway, if wounded, be careful of their bill, which I once saw nearly strike a keeper's eye.—H. E. DONNER.

A PLAGUE OF THE WHITE CABBAGE BUTTERFLY.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My garden is suffering from a perfect plague of the white cabbage butterfly. They are flying about in groups of six and seven together and doing untold mischief. Beyond the slow way of catching them one or two at a time in a net, can any of your readers tell me if there is any quick and efficacious way of dealing with them? Is there, for instance, any very glutinous stuff to which they are specially partial which I could sprinkle thickly over one or two plants, on the same principle as entomologists catch moths at night?—E. PEEL.

[Much damage is again being done to such brassicas as cabbages, Brussels sprouts and savoys, but, as the plague is making its appearance rather late in the season, it is not likely that it will prove so serious as in the last two or three years. We have found that spraying over the plants with a weak solution of salt and water will drive the butterflies into neighbouring fields and gardens. This remedy, however, is not always effective. Dusting the brassicas with powdered lime solution, while the dew is on them, might help to prevent the butterflies from laying their eggs on the plants. We are told, although we have not tried it, that if the ground is dressed with superphosphate of lime the invading butterflies are driven away, presumably

by the fumes from the superphosphate. It is not generally recognised that there are at least three pests, the large white cabbage butterfly, which lays its eggs in small clusters on the under side of the leaves; the small cabbage butterfly, which lays its eggs singly; and the cabbage moth, which also lays its eggs in clusters on the under side of the leaves. We chanced to look in at a flower show in the village of Horley, Surrey, on August 20th, and we were interested to see a class for cabbage butterflies, open to children. The winner of the competition, Master George Brown, captured no fewer than 172 large and small white cabbage butterflies. If such a competition could be held in different parts of the country it would go a long way towards keeping down this serious plague. Hand-picking the caterpillars is often spoken of as the most effective remedy. Sprinkling paraffin upon ashes and strewing this between the plants helps to check the ravages of the butterflies. When the attack, however, is severe, the crop is generally spoiled, remedy or no remedy.—ED.]

THE VINEGAR PLANT.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondence on "Tarragon and Garlick Vinegar" has called to mind the vinegar plant, of which I remember being told as a child that my grandmother possessed one and with its aid made quarts of lovely (?) vinegar. The tale had the attraction of a fairy story for me. I did not quite believe it, but I wanted to, for it invested a little, white-haired grandmother with almost magic powers. Even the goose which laid golden eggs was not so very much superior to a plant (a flower, as I imagined it) which made by itself the brown, sharp fluid which that very prosaic man, the grocer, thought it worth while to sell in bottles with labels on them. I suppose there is such a thing as a vinegar plant, and that it is a sort of fungus, but to drink the so-called vinegar made of it or by it seems a dangerous proceeding. Could any of your readers tell me something about it?—ISABEL CRAMPTON.

ORANGE PEEL.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to Mr. T. Ratcliffe's letter in your last issue, I beg to say that the spirit in question, when treated in a certain manner, has been found to be a high explosive, but as the cost of extraction is so great it is not a commercial proposition.—ERIC CUDDON.

HABITS OF BROOK TROUT.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Three rainless months have reduced the brooks of South Devon to a very low level, so that it is much easier than usual to observe the doings of the water folk. Not very far from Newton Abbott there is a miniature river, burn it would be called in the North, which threads its way down a glen so thickly wooded that the water is in many places hidden from sight by drooping foliage. A dam hems in the brook at one place, and from this there goes a leet which drains the bed below almost dry. Here and there concealed among the trees are a few deep pools: these in dry weather are detached ponds, being separated from one another by the waterless bed of the brook. All these pools hold numbers of trout, and as they are crystal clear, it is easy to peep between the leaves and see what is going on below. At one place a stone bridge crosses the lower end of a pool, and the trout use the darkness of the arch as a refuge.

The rank and file run from two to two and a half ounces, and then there are a good sprinkling of larger trout, four to six ounces, while here and there in the very best places dwell the lordly half-pounders. The trout of a quarter of a pound and upwards have their regular beats, like policemen, and it is curious to see how they sail time after time up to a fixed spot, and then turn round and go back. These better fish are very jealous of any intrusion into their private waters, and savagely chase away such others as chance to trespass. The fish in the pools stop feeding earlier in the evening than the ones living in the leet hard by. I have again and again noticed the leet trout rising vigorously long after the last circle has died away on the pools. The trout in the pools go a good deal into the shallows at the tails, where the water is only about 3ins. deep: this is probably for the sake of larvae which are not found in deep water. The best way to circumvent the larger trout is to offer them a live grasshopper. If, however, a fish has been missed once or twice, the mere sight of a grasshopper is enough to make him bolt into hiding, and it then becomes necessary to try some other insect. In the leet the larger trout often lie in the very shallowest of runs, rejoicing in the rushing water, and here a small red worm is the lure to effect their capture. In the pools if a grasshopper has been refused at the surface, it is sometimes taken if allowed to sink. The cautious way in which a trout will sail round the bait, and, after inspecting it on all sides, turn decisively away, is interesting, even if somewhat irritating to watch.

There is another brook of widely different character, which winds deep and slow through meadows. Small trout are few, and lead such hunted lives that they are never in evidence. The lords of this beck are fish running from six ounces to a pound and more in weight. They dwell in pairs in chosen pools, which they never seem to leave. Favourite haunts for large fish are under clumps of dock, or other rank-growing plants, projecting horizontally over the stream with their lower leaves in the water. I have one such fastness vividly in my mind's eye: a worm trickled in under the leaves had accounted for a fine trout 1lb. 6oz., and a fortnight later in the same place I hooked another, which after one rush down the brook, doubled back and took a flying leap into the docks, breaking my gut, and disclosing himself to be considerably bigger than the previous pair. This slow-flowing deep brook is much overgrown in places with flags, watercress, and celery: and swarms with freshwater shrimps, sticklebacks, and minnows. With such uncommonly good feeding, it is no wonder that the trout attain stately proportions and are as pink fleshed as salmon.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE RISE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your angling readers may be interested in this snapshot of a rising fish. Has anyone, I wonder, made a study of the different ways in which fish rise to the fly? The photograph illustrates what I should call the "swirl" rise—in this instance a double swirl, i.e., the fish has either risen twice at the same fly, or risen, with one continuous movement, at two separate flies. Trout-fishers will agree that these swirling or sucking rises mean that the fish are genuinely feeding; whereas jumping rises, when the fish come clean out of the water with a splash, often seem to portend poor sport: it would almost seem that the trout are actually amusing themselves. Then, again, there are days when, though the trout rise readily, they rise "short," i.e., they do not appear to care whether they get the fly into their mouths or not. A good deal has probably been written on this subject, but I think that future students of it would make their observations doubly helpful if they would illustrate them by instantaneous photographs.—M.

A NIGHT-BLOOMING CACTUS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a night-blooming

cactus in full bloom taken by flashlight last month in the garden hothouse, which might be of interest to your readers.—AGNES DE TRAFFORD.

GRASS.

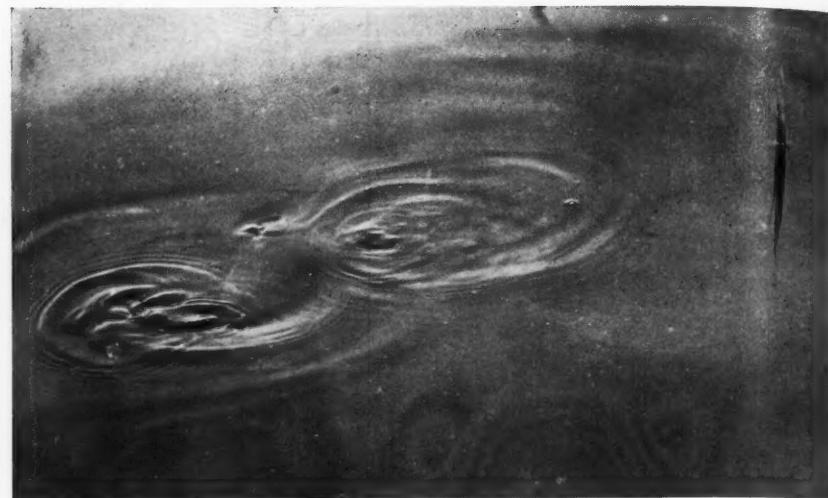
[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The following appreciation is from the pen of an old United States senator: Grass is the forgiveness of Nature, her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn



A FLOWER OF THE NIGHT.

of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes and are obliterated; forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Besieged by the sullen hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality and emerges upon the solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements, which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. Its tenacious fibres hold the earth in its place and prevent its soluble components from washing into the sea. It invades the solitude of deserts, climbs the inaccessible slopes and forbidding pinnacles of mountains, modifies climates, and determines the history, character and destiny of nations. Unobtrusive and patient, it has immortal vigour and aggression. Banished from the thoroughfare or the field, it bides its time to return, and when vigilance is relaxed, or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes its throne from which it has been expelled, but which it never abdicates. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendour, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air and yet should



A DOUBLE "SWIRL" RISE.

its harvest fail for a single year famine would depopulate the world.—J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

JAVELIN THROWING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Spatchcocked as it were amid a number of other Indian races, most of them belonging to the Tibeto-Burman stock, the Khasis of Assam provide a most interesting study for ethnologists. It is not, however, the origin of this derelict nation, but a curious sport in which they indulge that is the subject of this letter. They call it *som kaddih*, or javelin throwing, and it is probably an offshoot of their other and national sport of archery, about which so much has been written. The target for both games is the same, a bundle of grass about a foot long, covered with bamboo slips and attached to a small pole, which is stuck in the ground about 40ft. to 50ft. away from the throwers.

The javelins are simply straight specimens of the bamboo called *ekra*, (*Arundinaria suberecta*), a kind of reed that grows wild in the district, the striking ends of which are sharpened to a point to allow them to penetrate and stick in the grass target. Sometimes for the sake of balance and carrying power the sticks are slightly weighted with iron. The sport takes the form of a match between two villages or tribes for a wager, which is usually the total value of all the sticks thrown by a side, each stick being arbitrarily assessed at some small figure, say, the equivalent of two farthings. Thus the bet in a match of 200 sticks a side would be 8s. 4d., a ridiculously small amount to English eyes, but a very great deal to these poor villagers, many of whom draw less than a pound a month in wages. Often, however, much higher stakes are played for.

All these preliminaries having been arranged, the parties meet on an appointed day and place two targets in the ground about 40ft. to 50ft. apart, after which they line up at one target and throw one in succession to the other till all their shafts are expended. This constitutes "half-time," when a halt is called, all the shafts are picked up and sorted out—an easy matter, since each side has its distinctive colour—and everything is got ready for a resumption from the other end of the ground. The parties then move across and start throwing from the other target. Each hit is greeted with yells of joy, the competitors of the lucky side leaping high in the air to show their appreciation, for from the nature of the game hits are few and far between, and the value of a single successful shot is much higher than in archery. At the end of the meeting the side scoring the largest number of hits wins, and returns home dancing and shouting, with the prospect of what to an Oriental constitutes the outward and visible sign of any kind of success—a general feast, at which of course only the victors sit down.—B. C. G.



JAVELIN THROWING MATCH AMONG THE KHASIS.

Aug. 30th, 1919.]

COUNTRY LIFE.

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ON high ground to the south-west of Farnham were four acres covered with fir, larch, chestnut, oak and ash trees in separate patches, and to the unseeing eye it did not seem the best place for a house. But Mr. Harold Falkner, the architect, recollects an old print of the locality which showed a very delightful view, and having acquired the site he had the courage to cut down a piece of the wood at the top and there make a plateau on which to build a house. His enterprise has been well rewarded, for not only has the house itself gained a very attractive setting, but also the view from it is altogether delightful. As one stands in the little terrace garden, which is held up by a stout wall and buttresses, one looks right over the tops of the firs and across to the rolling Surrey countryside; while, descending by a winding path to the wood which makes up the bulk of the grounds attached to the house, one may enjoy truly sylvan surroundings, so very unusual as part and parcel of a modern house. It is a spot delightful to be in at every season of the year, and though not much has yet been made of it, the possibilities are numerous and captivating, for the soil is nearly all a fine loam, 2ft. deep, with 6ins. of leafy mould on top of it, and a perfect blaze of colour could here be got with suitable woodland flowers and shrubs. A good many rhododendrons, pink pearl and a white of the same



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ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

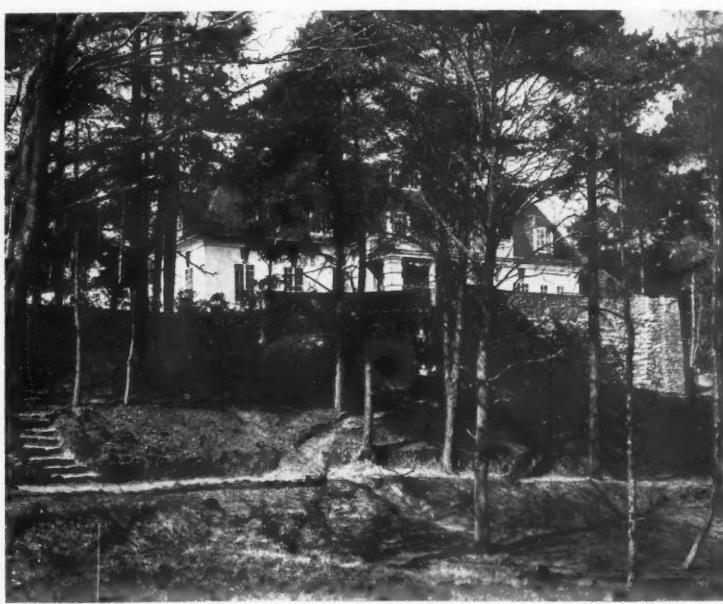
variety, have been planted and are doing very well. The terrace on the south side of the house was made up with the earth obtained in the course of levelling down the plateau, and the making of the lily pond on the west side served a dual purpose—first as introducing the charm of water in the little garden round about it, and also as providing additional soil for the terrace garden.

The house is happy in its grouping from many points of view, especially on the entrance side. This is seen to be a very straightforward piece of work, and the architect did the



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GARDEN PORCH.



FROM THE WOOD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

[Aug. 30th, 1919.]



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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

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DINING-ROOM.

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POND GARDEN.

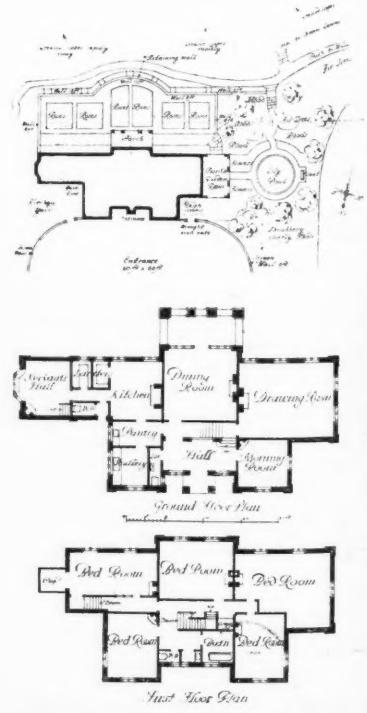
"COUNTRY LIFE."

right thing when he plastered and white-washed his brick walling.

At the entrance one notices a very fine old door, probably Flemish, with wooden handles in the centre of its circular panels, and a dishing around which sinks them into the panel and makes a very convenient hold for shutting the door from outside.

The plan of the house is carefully worked out, but offers nothing unusual. There is a good-sized entrance hall with staircase rising out of it; a dining-room, drawing-room and morning-room being grouped round about it on one side, and the kitchen quarters on the opposite side. The servants' hall was a later addition. Above are five bedrooms on the first floor and three in the attic.

In planning so compact a house as this (for there was no space to spare on the plateau) it would not be possible to make every room ideal, but certainly the drawing-room is a fine room, measuring 27ft. by 20ft. and 7ft. 8ins. in height, and most of the bedrooms are reasonably roomy. It was a house built with a strict regard to cost, and is a good example of what can be done when the architect and the builder both know their work. Working in close collaboration in such a case the builder will know beforehand what is expected of him and he gets on with it; while the architect, being on the spot whenever required, helps to eliminate trouble and delay. When building under these conditions the fewer drawings that are made the better. Mr. Falkner's practice is to set out all full sizes in the shop in conjunction with the builder or his joiner's foreman. He does not put in throatings and grooves for fun, nor does he specify a scantling of $4\frac{1}{2}$ by 2 that has to be cut out of qins, when 4 by 2 would do quite as well. On the other hand, he uses 16in. walls, puts concrete under floors, and felt and cross-battens under the tiles—all making for satisfactory and lasting results; and the many houses which he has built in his own neighbourhood of Farnham testify to the excellence of his methods. R. R. P.



PLANS OF HOUSE AND GARDEN.

TURF, STUD AND STABLE

A SURPRISING PERCHERON ANNOUNCEMENT.

I AM able to make the announcement that Lord Lonsdale, the first President and the chief mover in the establishment of the British Percheron Horse Society, is going to dispose of all of his Percheron horses at Messrs. Tattersalls, Knightsbridge, towards the end of next month. The news will surprise a good many people interested in all classes of horse breeding in this country, and no doubt many will regard the decision as meaning hostility on the part of Lord Lonsdale to the Percherons. They will, without knowing the facts, assume that he has thus early tired of the breed and that he wishes to be no longer associated with it. It is as well, therefore, that the decision should not be misunderstood. Lord Lonsdale has not tired of the horses, and, indeed, his interest in them and his desire to see them greatly increased in numbers in this country are as big as they ever were. Circumstances have arisen, however, which have influenced his decision, and though his dozen or so horses must be dispersed now, it is hoped at an early date to reintroduce the breed at Barleythorpe and Lowther.

The horses to be sold will include Lagor, who was certainly not at his best when exhibited at the Royal Show at Cardiff. He is a very fine stallion, and though his joints show some signs of wear, he is extremely well bred according to French ideas as to what Percheron breeding should be. The French experts thought a great deal of him, and I am sure there will be some keen competition to buy him. I fancy the rest, with possibly one exception, may be mares, and as Lord Lonsdale always insisted on having the best, they, too, should make excellent prices. Mr. Hewett, the honorary secretary of the British Percheron Horse Society, expects some more representatives of the breed will be coming from France soon, while there is a project on foot for bringing a number over from the United States and Canada.

I much regret to learn from Mr. Hewett that the admirable proposal to hold a joint show of Suffolks and Percherons under the auspices of the two societies is not now likely to come off. At one time the Suffolk people seemed to resent the introduction of the French breed to this country, but they have come to realise that the Suffolks have never had such a good turn done to them as by the fact of the notice bestowed on the French breed of clean-legged draught horses. Thus there was the most cordial good feeling existing between the two societies over the project to join forces and hold a show in 1920 in connection with the series of spring shows at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. But the Agricultural Hall Company had not been taken into account.

In saying "No" to the application for the allocation of a couple of days they made it clear that the position was like this. Between the going out of the Disposal Board people and the opening of the Shire Show there was a vacant week to be filled in, I understand, with preparations for the shows. The Shires have the week following to themselves. In the following week the Hunters have three days and the Pony Society two days. What of the Hackneys? They had to be fitted in, and so, by courtesy, I understand, of the Shire Society, they were given the Thursday and Friday in the week preceding the Shire Show. The Agricultural Hall Company regretted they could do nothing for the Suffolk and Percheron Societies, as the World's Fair people were due to come into occupation after the Pony Show. It certainly seems odd that it should be necessary to squeeze out two such interesting and important

societies as the Suffolk and the Percheron. Evidently no ingenuity or contrivance can overcome the difficulty, and none should regret the fact more than the Shire Society, who are at all times keen on inviting criticism, comparisons, and praise for their great draught horse. From an outsider's point of view, which I may claim to hold, for I have absolutely no practical interest in any breed of draught horses, I regret that I am to be denied the opportunity of looking on at what would have been three unique breeders' shows of draught horses.

Quite recently I wrote at some length on the interesting topic of racehorses making chargers in the war and then being still capable of winning races on their return to civil life. Particular cases in point were Sirian, Zuyder Zee and Prevoyant, once Army chargers and now racehorses again—and winners! I mention the subject again now because Lieutenant-Colonel Badcock, who purchased Prevoyant for the Army, has written to the *Daily Telegraph* giving that horse's very interesting history in the Army and at the same time offering a semi-apology for having bought a horse which as a racehorse was known to be half wild and even vicious. He says that when he got Prevoyant to the dépôt the horse nearly killed a man in unboxing by rearing and falling on him. Then he got very quiet and was ridden by a lady groom until such time as Colonel Badcock considered he was fit to issue as a charger in France to an officer who had been wounded. When, however, he was boxed he got cast and injured, and so was eventually issued to an officer serving at Aldershot. Prevoyant, therefore, never saw service in France.

Colonel Badcock also bought the racehorses Exit and Grey Barbarian, and both went to Lord Ebrington of the Scots Greys in France. No finer chargers could have been found, he says, and he concludes his communication to our contemporary by saying: "I can only say that after many years of a cavalry officer's life in which I enjoyed the best of polo and pigsticking, and then sixteen years of remount life in India and at home, during which it has not only been my good fortune to buy and ride the best, but also to breed every kind of stock that is raised, I have no hesitation in plumping for 'blood,' be it a horse, donkey, mule, cow, sheep, pig, or even a humble rooster."

The confession is quite delightful, and will immensely please the man who swears by the clean thoroughbred horse in the hunting field, and all those who staunchly maintain the ideals of the breed societies whether they refer to horses or cattle. It is why the Irish hunter, for example, is so famous the world over—because his Irish breeder loves "blood" in his horse's character. If his brood mare is as near thoroughbred as makes no matter so much the better, but when it comes to mating her the sire must be a clean thoroughbred. Hence the unrivalled type of Irish hunter which we know so well. We used to be told during the last year or two of the war that the Irishman was no longer mating his mare with a thoroughbred stallion, for the good reason that he could not afford to sell the progeny to the Government as a remount at the War Office price. There may have been truth in that, and one may say at once there was, as the returns of the Irish Board of Agriculture gave confirmation and showed that the breeder was mating his mare with a draught stallion. But the demand for hunters to-day is keen to a degree, the foreign breeders will come back, and Ireland, as of old, will go back to "blood." PHILLIPPOS.

RYE AND LITTLESTONE REVISITED

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

FTER an interval of nearly five years I have played again at Rye, and I enjoyed it so much that I am going to write about it, even though there is not a great deal that is new to say about the course. I only noticed two minor changes. First, the oozy ditch, covered over with wire-netting, which guards the first green is in process of being turned into a bunker. This is a good thing, because the chance of a glorious recovery with the niblick is always better than ingloriously lifting and losing a stroke; and also because it will save a certain amount of time at a hole where much driving out of bounds already makes for delay at the start. Secondly, the appearance of the giant bunker at the home hole has been slightly altered by a partition of black boards running down the middle of it to stop the blowing of sand. I may add that I know all about that bunker. I had to toil up to the very top of that precipitous face amid the ribald jeers of two adversaries. Once there, I had to attempt to dislodge the ball, which the very act of taking up my stance threatened to engulf with avalanches of sand.

Rye in the holidays without Mr. de Montmorency does not seem quite itself. Otherwise it is the same as it has been for years, and how good that is! Even when the ground is as hard as a board it is fine golf, and the greens have been so well tended and watered that few impossibilities are demanded of one. Despite the water, some of the downhill putts were rather fiendish. To be above the hole at the ninth, for instance, was a serious matter, and one of those who mocked me in the eighteenth bunker was, I am glad to remember, perceptibly annoyed when my ball, rushing down the hill and gathering speed at every turn, collided with the back of the tin, leaped into the air and fell in for a delicious three. Again those two famous short holes—the eighth and the fourteenth—were appallingly difficult. A strong wind was blowing across the course from the sea. It was straight behind one at the fourteenth, and the one hope was to pitch on the bank in front of the green. At the eighth there was just one little patch of safety on the left-hand corner of the green where the ball could be pitched. Otherwise, with a metaphorical whoop of joy, it bounded over the green, down the precipice

beyond. But these were the exceptions to prove the rule that there was nothing to prevent really good play accomplishing the holes aright. There was never a really easy shot to play, but then it is one of the superlative merits of Rye that in a high wind there are no easy shots ; the player is always at full stretch and can never take a "breather." With that wind from the sea the first three holes form a case in point. There is a legitimate incentive to play for a hook, since much ground and much easier seconds are to be gained thereby, but the least hook too much sees the ball whirling out of bounds. The third is the most fascinatingly tempting, perhaps, of all. We cannot all carry straight over the corner of the fence as Abe Mitchell once did—one of the most colossal shots on record. But with a judicious hook we can sneak over the road and round the corner and hope for a putt for three. Yet we fail as often as not. We are most of us not quite good enough for Rye in a wind, but there is grand fun in trying to be.

On the following day I played at Littlestone, which is almost equally pleasant and less exacting. The greens were faster than at Rye, and the ball sped at the slightest touch, but it ran beautifully truly if only one could hit it truly. Moreover, on a blazing day we were very grateful for the fact that there was no tall range of hills, as at Rye, to shelter us from the cooling breeze. The course, like many others, has suffered something from the war. The military have erected some form of fortification along the left-hand side of the sixteenth hole, which has for the moment rather impaired its merits ; and all over the course the rabbits have been too long unchecked. It is rare to get through a round without finding the ball in a rabbit scrape. When it is found there arises a point of some delicacy, since, if it is on the course, it may be lifted without penalty ; if off the course, the player must forfeit a stroke. The "on" and the "off" are not defined ; therefore there follows an argument. The player says : "Hang it

all ; my ball is in line between the tee and the hole," and his adversary retorts : "Yes, but it was a rotten shot ; you aren't meant to go that way."

Barring the rabbits, however, the course is in wonderfully good order, and some of the second shots, even though rather spoilt by the hard ground, are admirable. The tee shots at Littlestone always seem to me just a little featureless. A lady there was recently asked by her husband what she would like for a birthday present. She answered, with perhaps a touch of bitterness : "A movable bunker that I can put where your tee shots go." It is just a few of these miraculous bunkers that Littlestone lacks. The course proper is reasonably broad, but even an unreasonably crooked tee shot has a good chance of skipping the side hazards and being nearly as good as a much better. Again, it is almost a commonplace to point out that there is some beautiful golfing country in the neighbourhood of the eighth hole which is not used, though infinitely better than the flatter country near the club house. However, this is to be unnecessarily carpings about a very jolly place. I played two delightful games there and won them both. What more can anyone want ?

The Ladies' Field Victory Knock-out Foursome Tournament is to be played under Ladies' Golf Union handicaps at Ranelagh, by kind permission of the Ranelagh Club Committee, on October 20th, 21st and 22nd. Entries will be received until October 11th (addressed to Miss L. Barry, Mason's Golf Hotel, St. Andrews, Fife), and players who lack partners should send their names and handicaps (Ladies' Golf Union) as early as possible that they may be found for them. The combined handicaps of the two players is limited to thirty, and there will be prizes for the winning couple and runners-up, and an optional halfcrown sweep.

MY FIRST TROUT

BY GEORGE SOUTHCOTE.

I S a fisher born, or made, or both ? I think I was both. My first memory of living fishes takes me back to a terrifying walk at the age of four along a jetty, with planks wide apart, and a view between them of clear green seawater and little fishes swimming among branches of seaweed, swaying with the tide. Then a long sea voyage and a whole day spent at anchor at St. Helena. It was a baking hot day, the sun blistering the pitch-caulking between the deck planks, but lying on those warm planks I could see the calm sea through a hawse-pipe, and jellyfish innumerable floating in the clear water. No one could get me away from that hawse-pipe. I had secured a reel of cotton and a bent pin, baited with gingerbread biscuit softened by the sea air, and nothing would persuade me that the morsels would not be as succulent to the taste of a jellyfish as they were to my own ; I cherished the delusion during the whole time we were at anchor.

Then a gap of months in my fishing experiences. Next comes a memory of being taken for walks along the towpath of a muddy canal, constantly inspired by wonder about the mysteries of living fishes under the surface of the water. Once I saw the dimly outlined form of something, probably a roach, and I longed passionately for a rod and a red-topped float to watch with never satisfied faith, as I had once seen a man so employed on the banks of that canal. I pass over the realisation a year or two later of that longing, and the capture, after many days of patient watching, of an evil and bloated looking little fish taken on a leathery morsel of limpet from a rock pool on the coast of South Devon, and then, after a few more years, came the day.

I can see myself now, desperately proud of a huge fishing basket strapped over my shoulder and containing a packet of sandwiches, a slice of cake, an old leather flask fitted with a cup and filled with weak sherry and water, and, greatest joy of all, an old flybook with parchment pages and cover of Russia leather, smelling deliciously. I was spending a summer holiday with an uncle in Glamorganshire, a fine old sportsman, who gave me the first chance of seeing real country ; I had had the great misfortune to spend my childhood in a town. On the great occasion it occurred to him to entrust to my care a little 9ft. greenheart fly-rod, made by Farlow, and I think about thirty years old, with a hollow butt to contain the spare top. I had no landing-net. Every step of that walk—it was over fifty years ago—comes back to me now. First a short cut across a grass field and through a gate to the main road near three Scotch fir trees. Then about three-quarters of a mile along roads, and then, at last, the trout stream. It was Ewenny, and I had leave to fish the Ewenny Abbey water. There was a little pool below a hatch, and above the hatch the main stream with its level raised by an embankment. Both pool and stream were ruffled by a gentle up-stream breeze.

With infinite care I had managed with the help of my uncle to attach three small flies to a cast of gut of a thickness I should not dare to offer a trout of this generation. This cast I remembered to soak carefully and made it fast to an old-fashioned

plaited silk and hair line with occasional ends of hair sticking out where it had become worn ; an abomination in these days, but a delight in those unsophisticated times. The reel was a "multiplier" of an ancient design, with a prominent handle on a long spindle. Then came the thrill of excitement over the first cast. I had had a lesson or two in casting a fly from the gardener's boy (a confirmed poacher), and I managed somehow, with the wind in my favour, to get the line out, and the cast and flies to fall (in a bunch) on the water. A few more casts, the line helped out every time by the wind, and then—but there is no language to describe the thrill of it. Something had hold of one of the flies under the water, and that something was giving wriggling tugs. The rod throbbed deliciously to the very butt ; through the butt, and through my wrist and arm, that throbbing passed through nerve and brain, seemingly to my very soul. Two or three seconds in doubt what to do, and then the memory of a word recalled from a book on fly-fishing, the word "strike!"—a word that has cost many young fishers many fish and much expensive tackle. I "struck," and far behind me on the long grass fringing the mill-pool lay struggling a 4 oz. trout. There has never been such a trout. Its head was small, its body of a fatness adorable, gleaming like copper above and like gold below. Its spots were scarlet, of the scarlet of poppies, rimmed with white, and set off with other spots of black. It was my very own.

That was a wonderful day with the trout ; in fifty years I have never known another like it. Nothing seemed to put them down, and nearly every one of them took the same fly, a yellowish-green silk body and a soft grey hackle, no wings. I put one up as a dropper and one as the tail-fly with a coch-y-bondhu as the other dropper, and during the day, my first day's fly-fishing, in a clear stream, I caught 6 lb. weight of sturdy little trout, mostly from 4 oz. to 6 oz., but one or two much larger—I should say that one of them weighed 10 oz. or 12 oz. or thereabouts, and nearly all of them out of one tiny little pool and about 15yds. of the stream above. Once I had two at a time. The droppers were fastened to the cast with 1-in. loops of thick gut that would send the trout of these days away full speed to their weed-shelters, and I must confess that I cannot claim to have caught my first trout ; he insisted upon catching himself. There was one that day that did not. Something took hold, deep under water, and to my dismay I seemed to have no control over its movements. In a frenzy of excitement I threw down my rod, seized the line, and pulled with my hands. There was a commotion, and the cast broke just above the tail-fly. In the light of the experience of after years I should say that I thereby lost a sewin about 2lb. in weight, freshly up from the sea.

Tired out in body, but exultantly happy, I found my way home to tea, stopping twice by the way to take the trout one by one out of the basket and lay them on the roadside grass ; then the final triumph, as they lay on a big dish, nearly slithering off it as I carried them to the study for my old uncle's inspection, the biggest carefully arranged to show up, and, in the place of honour on the top of all, my first trout.